

# HIT COMICS

MARCH  
No. 51



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## *Kid ETERNITY* ENTERS The FORGOTTEN WORLD!





[illegible]



# AMAZING! NEW!

## ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK



**IT LIGHTS!**  
when coin is inserted

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

**LIGHTS MAGICALLY!**

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

**H**ERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank **MAGICALLY LIGHT UP** just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



only  
**\$1.69**



1. Pull plunger all the way out



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!

### SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order **NOW**.

### SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 323 West Division St., Dept. CH  
Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

☐ I am enclosing \$1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Postpaid.

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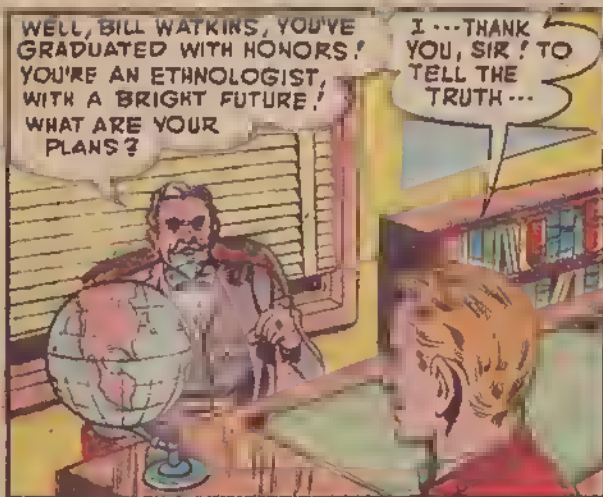
# KID ETERNITY

When a mere youth, **KID ETERNITY** was called from earth! In recompense for the error, he was given immortal powers and allowed to visit earth to fight crime and help those in trouble! By saying the magic word **ETERNITY**, he can call long-dead heroes to help him... but only if accompanied by his rotund companion, **MR. KEEPER**!

A young man sets out to seek fame, and runs into adventures that only **Kid Eternity** can pull him through, when he discovers **THE FORGOTTEN WORLD**!







WELL, BILL WATKINS, YOU'VE GRADUATED WITH HONORS! YOU'RE AN ETHNOLOGIST, WITH A BRIGHT FUTURE! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

I... THANK YOU, SIR! TO TELL THE TRUTH...



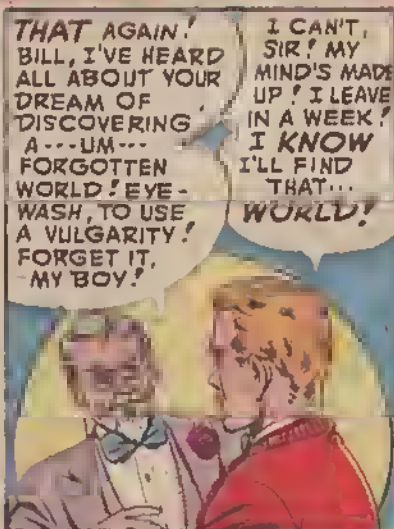
I KNOW, LAD... A LITTLE EXCITED! THAT'S NATURAL! BUT HERE'S A SURPRISE... THE BOARD HAS DECIDED TO OFFER YOU A PLACE ON THE STAFF!

OH, SIR, THAT'S WONDERFUL! BUT YOU SEE... I DON'T WANT TO TEACH!



DO NOT WANT TO TEACH? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, LAD? THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, WATKINS!

I KNOW THAT, SIR! BUT I... YOU SEE... I'M GOING AWAY, ON AN EXPEDITION TO BRAZIL!

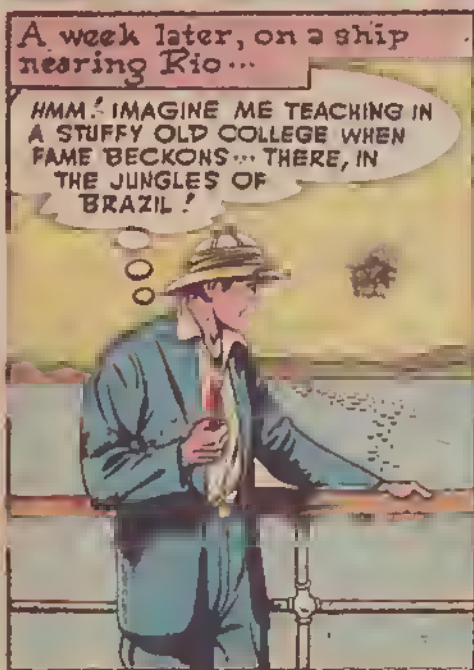


THAT AGAIN! BILL, I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT YOUR DREAM OF DISCOVERING A...UM... FORGOTTEN WORLD! EYE-WASH, TO USE A VULGARITY! FORGET IT, MY BOY!

I CAN'T, SIR! MY MIND'S MADE UP! I LEAVE IN A WEEK! I KNOW I'LL FIND THAT... WORLD!



SO HE THINKS IT'S EYEWASH! THEY ALL DO! BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL BE FAMOUS!



A week later, on a ship nearing Rio...

HMM! IMAGINE ME TEACHING IN A STUFFY OLD COLLEGE WHEN FAME BECKONS... THERE, IN THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL!



IT ALL CHECKS, SEÑOR MORENO! I'LL BE SET TO SHOVE OFF AT DAWN, IF THE BEARERS...

THEY WILL BE HERE IN TIME, SEÑOR! AND NOW, ADIOS, AMIGO! YOU GO ON A VERY DANGEROUS MISSION!

So, the mission is begun....

OFF TO FIND A FORGOTTEN  
WORLD ! AND THIS IS THE  
EVIL, DEADLY BRAZILIAN  
JUNGLE !



...and, at the end of each day, they  
come to rest deeper in the heart  
of the jungle...

THEY'VE BEEN ON  
THE TRAIL FIFTEEN  
DAYS, MR. KEEPER !  
TOMORROW THEY  
WILL REACH THE  
GREAT MOUNTAIN !

THEN LET US BE  
OFF, KID ! YOU ONLY  
WANTED TO BE SURE  
THAT THIS SPUNKY  
YOUTH RAN INTO  
NO TROUBLE !



I'VE CHANGED MY  
MIND ! I ADMIRE A  
CHAP WITH SUCH  
COURAGE ! I'M  
GOING TO HELP HIM  
WIN HIS GLORY ...  
IF POSSIBLE !

GLORY ? HE'S  
'APT TO END  
UP IN SOME  
CANNIBAL'S  
STEW POT !



I HEARD A NOISE ! LOOK,  
MR. KEEPER ! THE CAMP  
IS SURROUNDED BY  
HEADHUNTERS !

WHAT DID  
I TELL YOU ?



THEY'RE CREEPING UP, KEEP !  
THEY'LL SHOWER THAT LAD  
WITH POISON 'DARTS !  
**ETERNITY !**

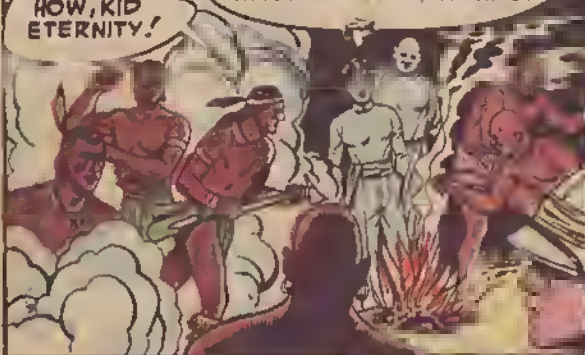




The magic word brings a band of famous Apache fighters out of the past...

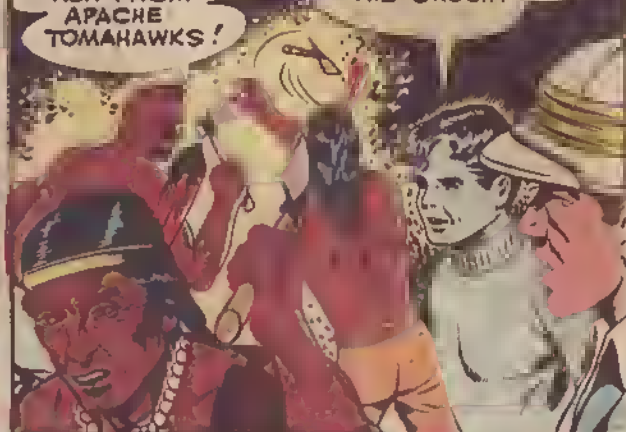
HI-YA!  
EE-YAH!  
HOW, KID  
ETERNITY!

GERONIMO, SAVAGES  
SURROUND US! YOU  
AND YOUR BRAVES  
MUST SAVE MY FRIENDS!



WE DO-UM, KID,  
PLENTY FAST!  
SHEAKIN' SAVAGES  
RUN FROM  
APACHE  
TOMAHAWKS!

BRAVO, GERONIMO!  
LISTEN TO 'EM GO  
CRASHING THROUGH  
THE BRUSH!



OUR YOUNG GERONIMO THERE  
IS A BIT CONFUSEO...  
NOT THAT I 'BLAME HIM!  
HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT  
HEAD HUNTERS WERE  
NEAR!

I'D BETTER  
BECOME VISIBLE  
AND EXPLAIN  
THIS TO HIM!  
**ETERNITY!**



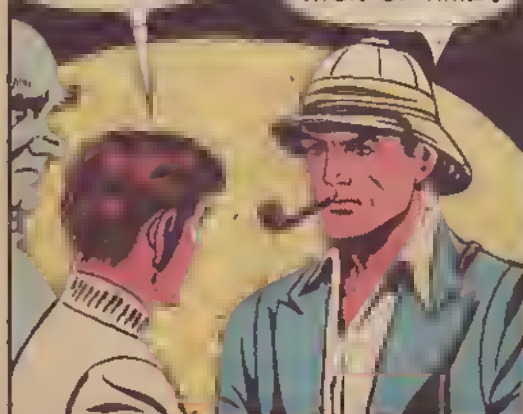
A THOUSAND THANKS,  
GERONIMO, AND A  
PLEASANT TRIP BACK  
TO THE HAPPY HUNTING  
GROUND!  
**ETERNITY!**

WHAT TH'...?  
THEY VANISHED...  
ALL BUT YOU!



I'M KID ETERNITY!  
YOUR CAMP WAS  
SURROUNDED BY  
HEAD HUNTERS,  
SO I CALLED  
SOME HELPERS!

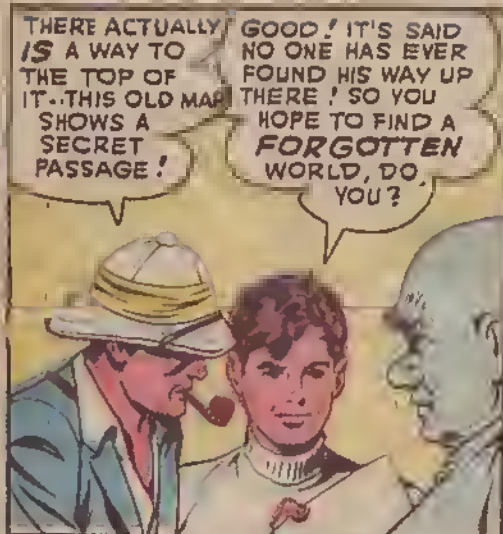
THANKS A LOT!  
I DIDN'T QUITE  
KNOW WHAT...  
BUT HOW DID  
YOU HAPPEN  
ALONG IN THE  
NICK OF TIME?



... SO I THOUGHT  
I'D THROW IN WITH  
YOU, IF YOU DIDN'T  
MIND! MAYBE I  
CAN BE OF SOME  
HELP!

SWELL! YOU SURE HELPED  
TONIGHT... SAVED MY LIFE!  
I'M GLAD TO LEARN THAT  
WE'RE NEAR THE GREAT  
MOUNTAIN!





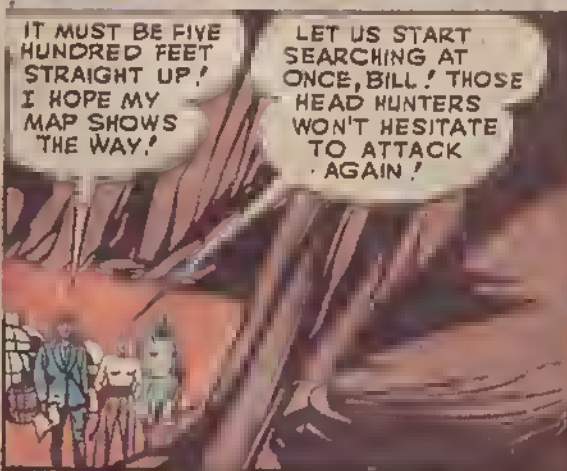
THERE ACTUALLY IS A WAY TO THE TOP OF IT. THIS OLD MAP SHOWS A SECRET PASSAGE!

GOOD! IT'S SAID NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND HIS WAY UP THERE! SO YOU HOPE TO FIND A FORGOTTEN WORLD, DO YOU?



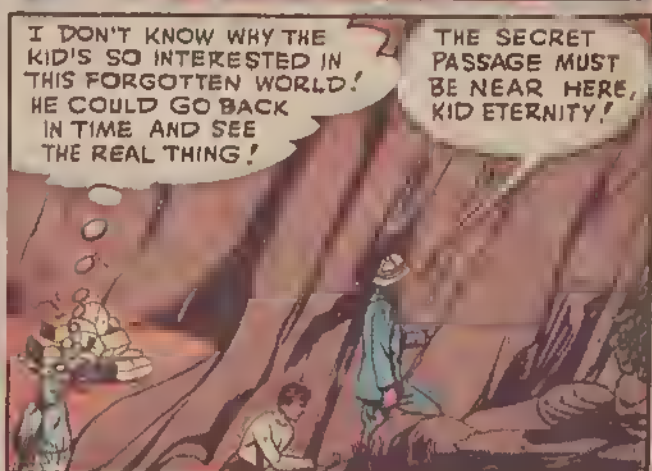
Late the next day... WELL, WE'VE TRANSFERRED THE LUGGAGE! WHAT A JOB! THOSE INFERNAL BEARERS, DESERTING...

YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME THEM! THEY KNOW THESE HEAD HUNTERS!



IT MUST BE FIVE HUNDRED FEET STRAIGHT UP! I HOPE MY MAP SHOWS THE WAY!

LET US START SEARCHING AT ONCE, BILL! THOSE HEAD HUNTERS WON'T HESITATE TO ATTACK AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW WHY THE KID'S SO INTERESTED IN THIS FORGOTTEN WORLD! HE COULD GO BACK IN TIME AND SEE THE REAL THING!

THE SECRET PASSAGE MUST BE NEAR HERE, KID ETERNITY!



THERE IT IS! THE MAP'S RIGHT! COME... I'LL LEAD!

HADN'T WE BETTER TAKE PROVISIONS FOR A FEW DAYS? WE MAY NOT GET BACK... SOON!



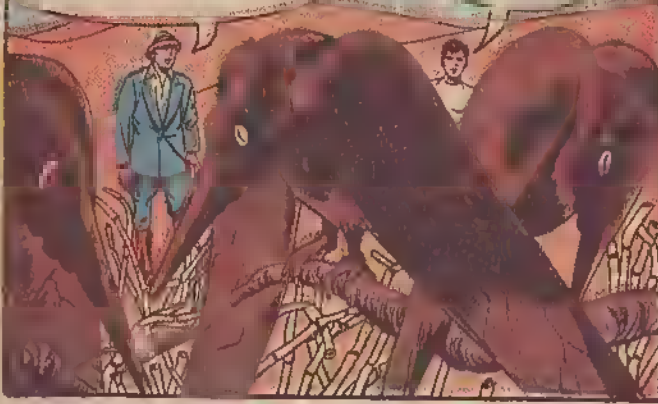
After a long, hard climb through a dark rock tunnel...

KID! WHAT A STRANGE WORLD UP HERE! ALREADY I SEE GROWTHS OF A PREHISTORIC PERIOD! HURRY!



NO...NO! IT CAN'T BE!  
THEY'RE PTERODACTYLS...  
SERPENT-BIRDS...  
SUPPOSEDLY VANISHED  
FROM EARTH MILLIONS  
OF YEARS AGO! WHAT  
PICTURES I'LL GET!

WHAT HUGE,  
UNGAINLY  
CREATURES!  
WE MUST  
BE VERY  
CAREFUL!



LOOK AT THEIR LEATHERY HIDE,  
AND THE ROWS OF TEETH! IF I  
COULD ONLY TAKE ONE  
BACK ALIVE!

HOW ABOUT  
TAKING THEIR  
PICTURES?



WHAT DEVILISH BEASTS  
THEY ARE! COME, TAKE  
A LOOK,  
KID!



I WONDER HOW  
THEY HAVE  
LIVED BEYOND  
THEIR SPAN?

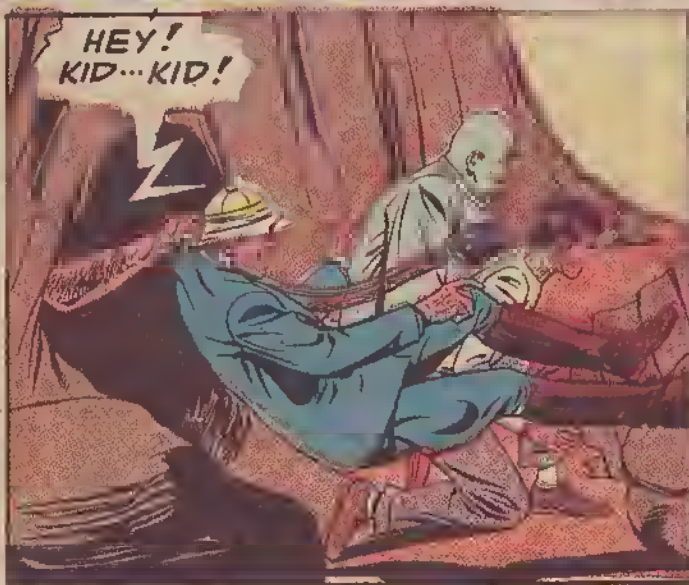
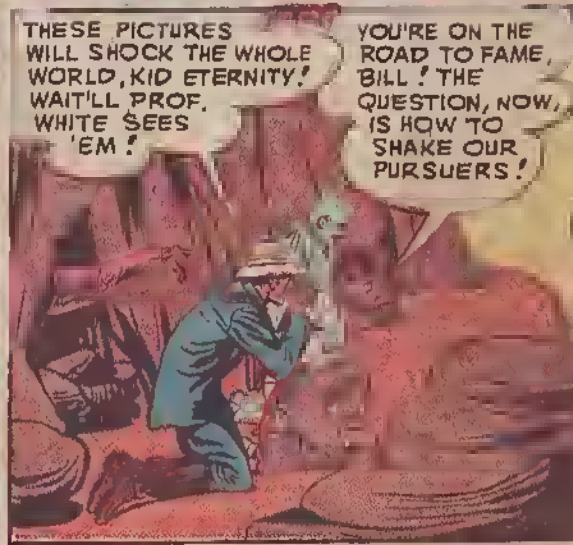
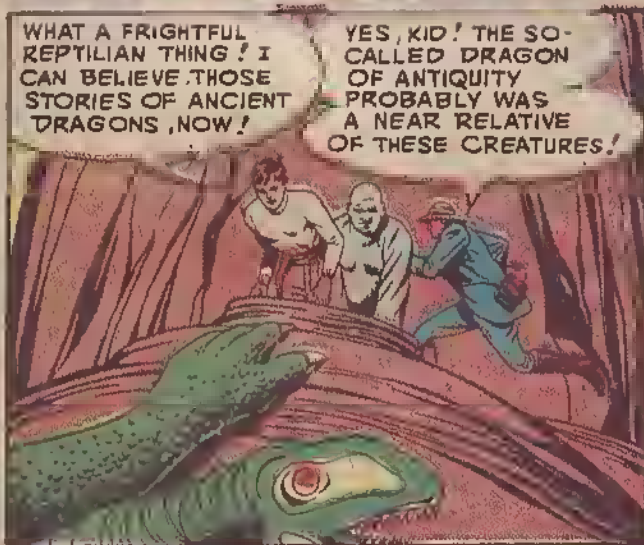
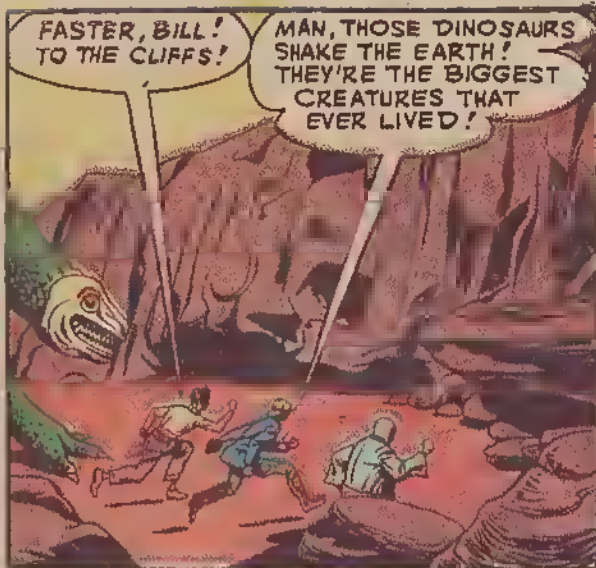
THEY'RE ISOLATED ON THIS  
MOUNTAIN! PERHAPS THE  
CLIMATE HAS SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH IT... I DON'T  
KNOW YET!



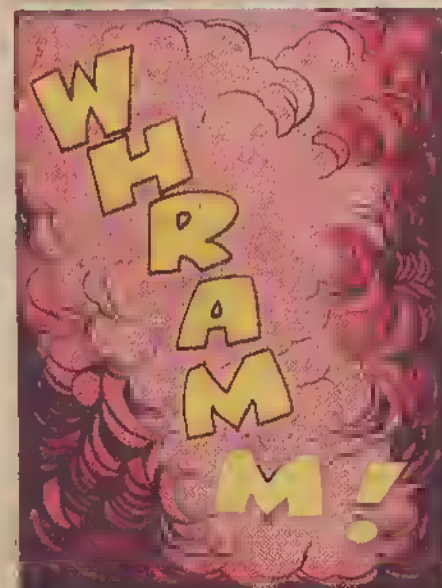
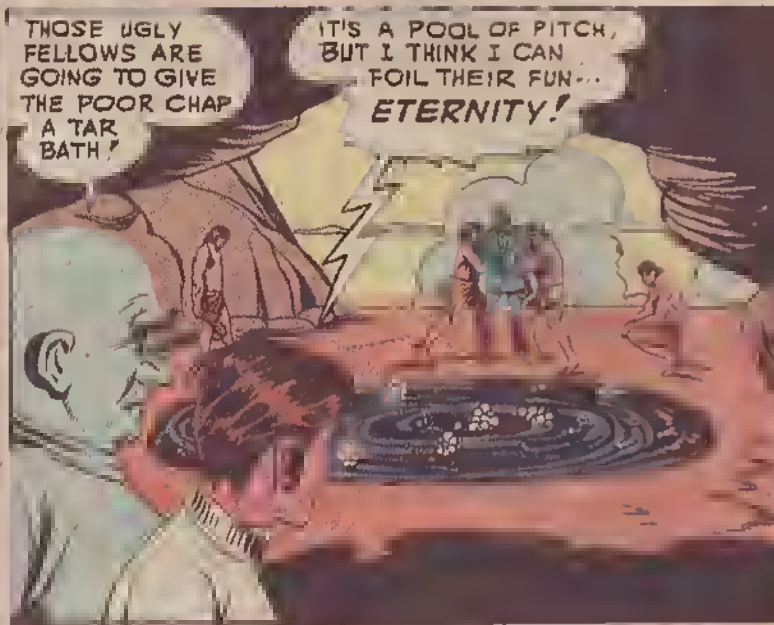
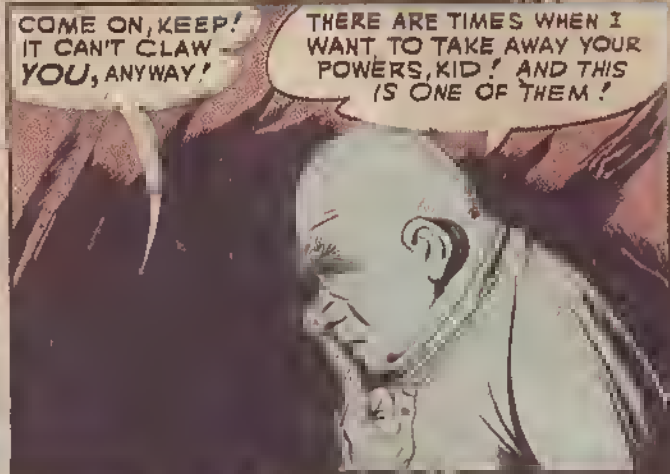
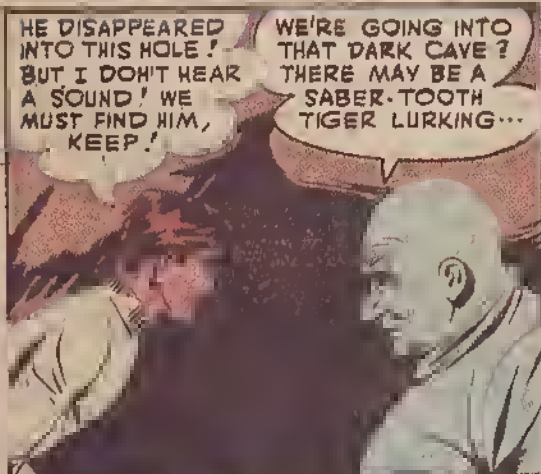
LOOK, KID... A  
HERD OF GREAT  
BEASTS, COMING  
FAST!

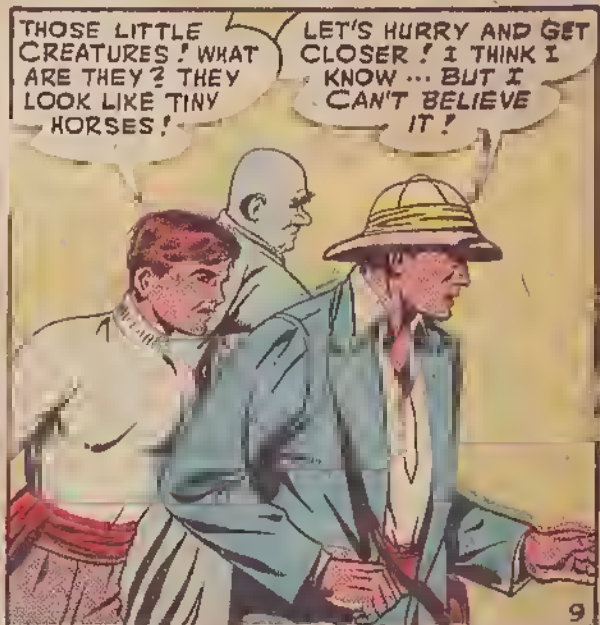
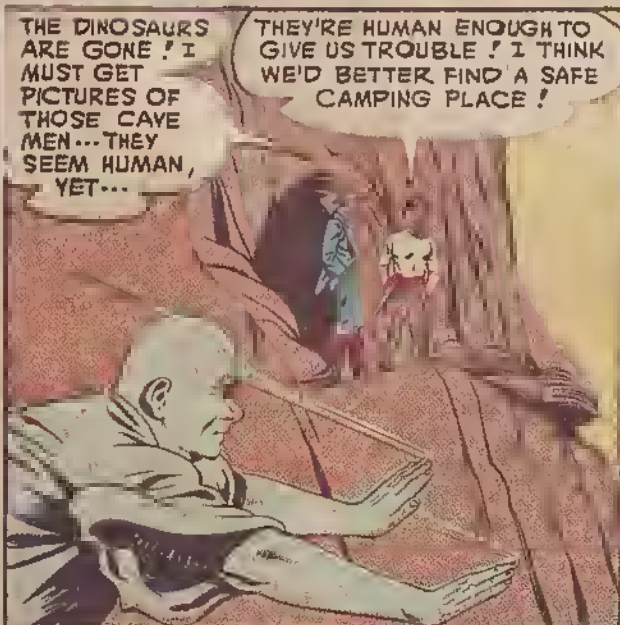
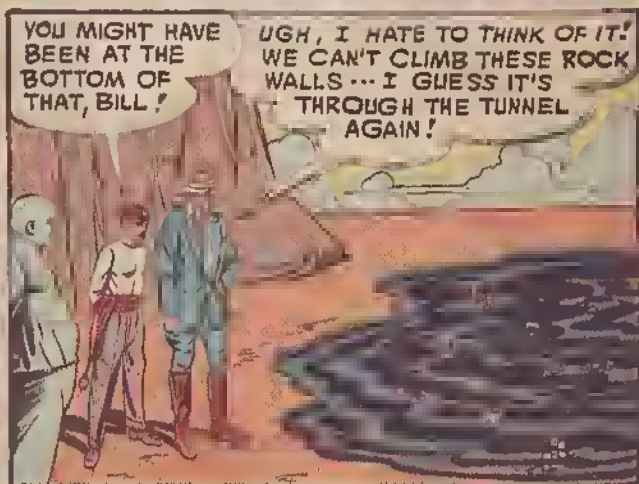
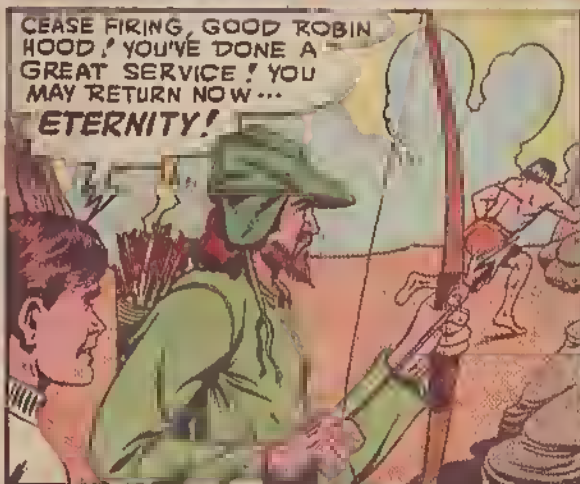
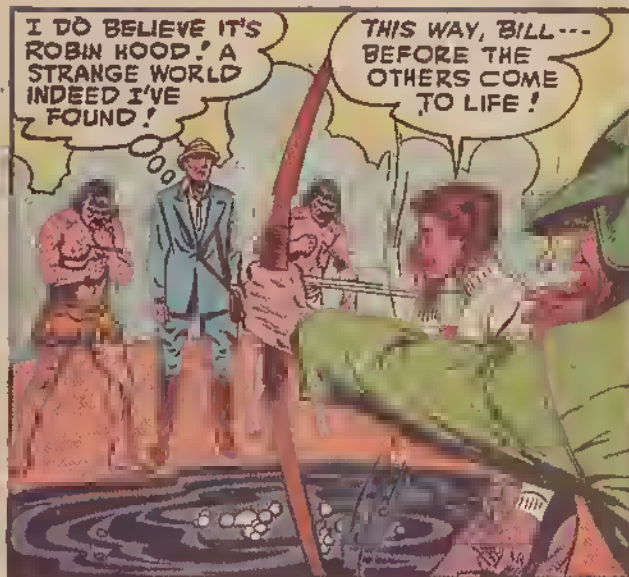
GOLLY! THEY MAKE  
PYGMIES OUT OF  
ELEPHANTS! BILL,  
LET'S GET GOING!













IT'S TRUE! THEY ARE ECHIPPUS... THE ORIGINAL HORSE! OH, WHAT LUCK!

WHY, THEIR FEET ARE LIKE A DOGS! WHAT NOBLE LITTLE CREATURES!

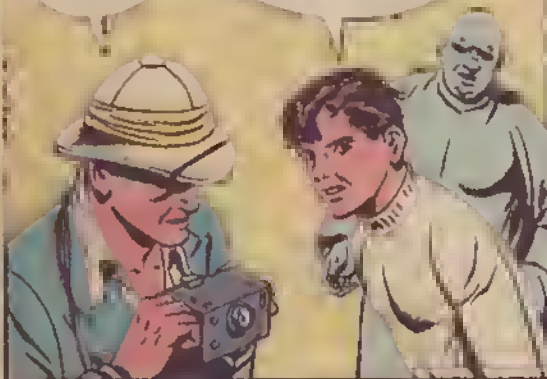


THE HORSE LOST A TOE EVERY MILLION OR SO YEARS, UNTIL TODAY HE HAS BUT ONE... THE HOOF!



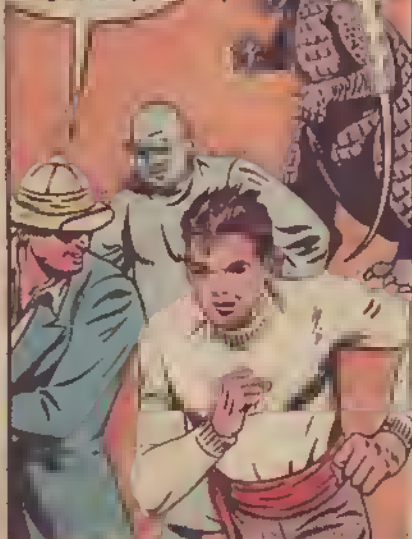
TOO LATE! THEY GOT AWAY!

RUN FOR IT, BILL! A MONSTER IS AFTER US!



IT'S AN IGUANODON... A TERRIBLE, FEROCIOUS BEAST!

AND HE'S GAINING ON US!



WE'VE WON! HE CAN'T FOLLOW US IN HERE! HEAR HIS ANGRY HISSING!

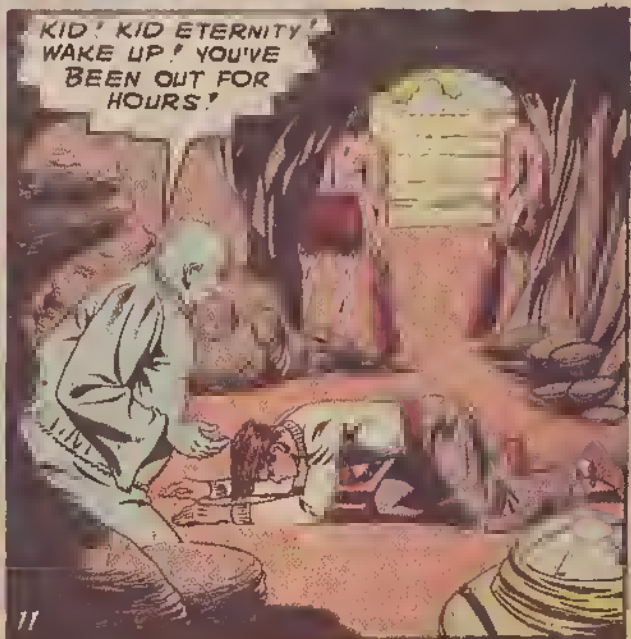
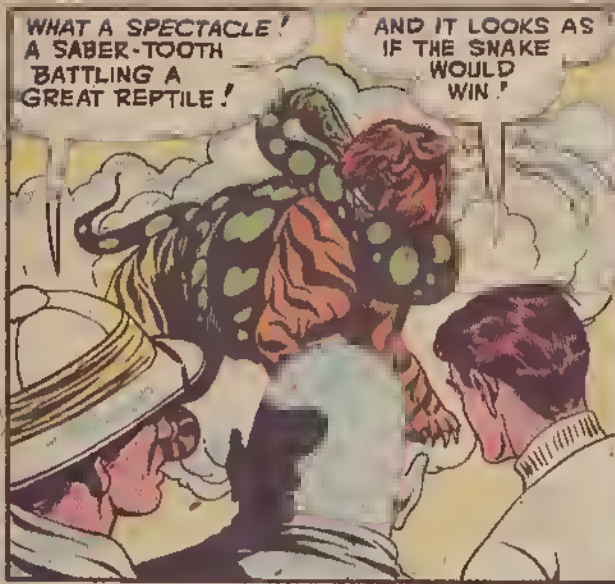
THE WORLD MUST'VE BEEN LIKE A NIGHT-MARE A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO!



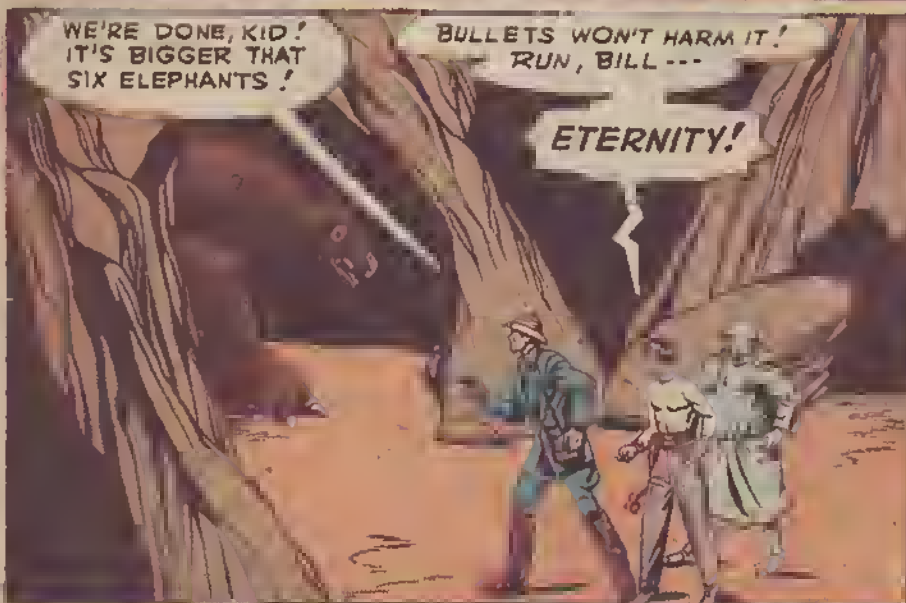
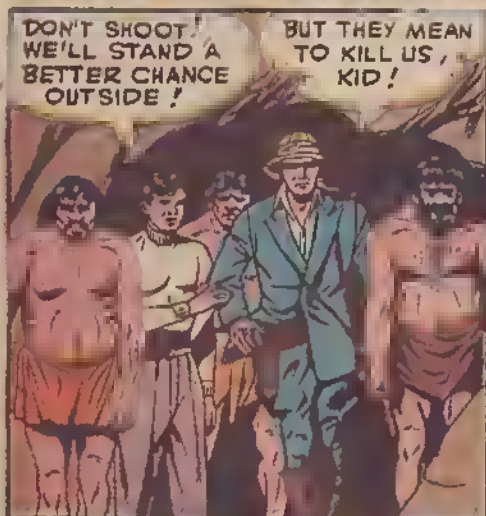
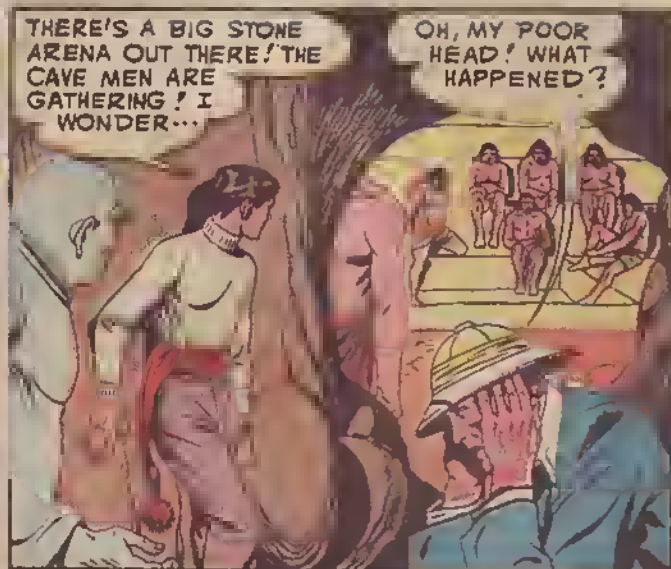
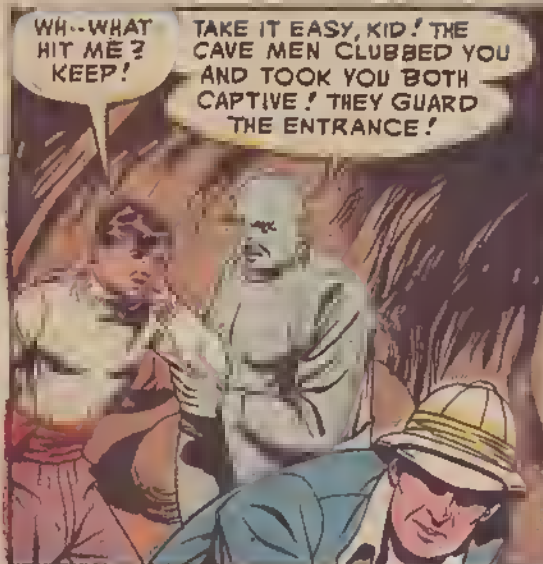
INDEED IT WAS! AND TO THINK WE'RE WALKING THROUGH SUCH A SAVAGE WORLD TODAY!

LISTEN! ANIMALS FIGHTING UP AHEAD!









Out of the blue, the god of lightning....

THOR! STRIKE HIM DEAD! ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US!

MY HAMMER HAS GONE STRAIGHT TO THE MARK, KID ETERNITY! HE'S DEAD ON HIS FEET!



Thor's hammer returns to his hand, ready for more lightning bolts....

GO, MIGHTY THOR, AND WATCH OVER US, WHILE I CALL MORE HELP! THE CAVE MEN ARE GOING TO RUSH US! ETERNITY!

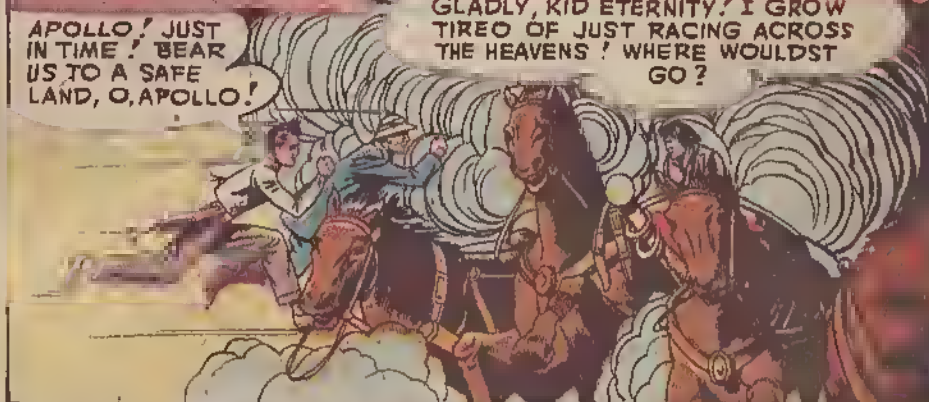


WHRRAMM!

At the magic call, the Sun God descends with his chariot and four...

APOLLO! JUST IN TIME! BEAR US TO A SAFE LAND, O, APOLLO!

GLADLY, KID ETERNITY! I GROW TIRED OF JUST RACING ACROSS THE HEAVENS! WHERE WOULDST GO?



MY HEART FAILED FOR A MOMENT THERE, APOLLO! BUT WE'RE SAFE NOW! LET US DOWN BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN!



GOOD LUCK, BILL! AS YOU MARCH THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO FAME, APOLLO AND I WILL WATCH OVER YOU!

FAREWELL, KID ETERNITY! IF I DO WIN FAME, IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF YOU AND YOUR GREAT FRIENDS!





# Bob and Swab

YEP! THIS IS THE REAL MCCOY, SWABBIE, OLD BOY! IN A FEW MORE SECONDS I'M GONNA BE OFF IN SLUMBERLAND, RIGHT OUTTA THIS WORLD!

ME, TOO! BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THOSE MOSQUITOES! THEY SOUND LIKE A SQUADRON OF DIVE BOMBERS!

Bob Masters, marine, and Swab Decker, sailor, come into their own when they purchase some South Sea real estate! It's a big deal... until the fleet decides to hold maneuvers in the vicinity!

YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH! EVERY TIME YOU OPEN YOUR YAP, WE WIND UP DOING K.P.!

HOW DID I KNOW THE SKIPPER WAS WALKING THE DECK WHEN I HEAVED THAT BUCKET OF SLOP WATER OUT THE PORT HOLE?

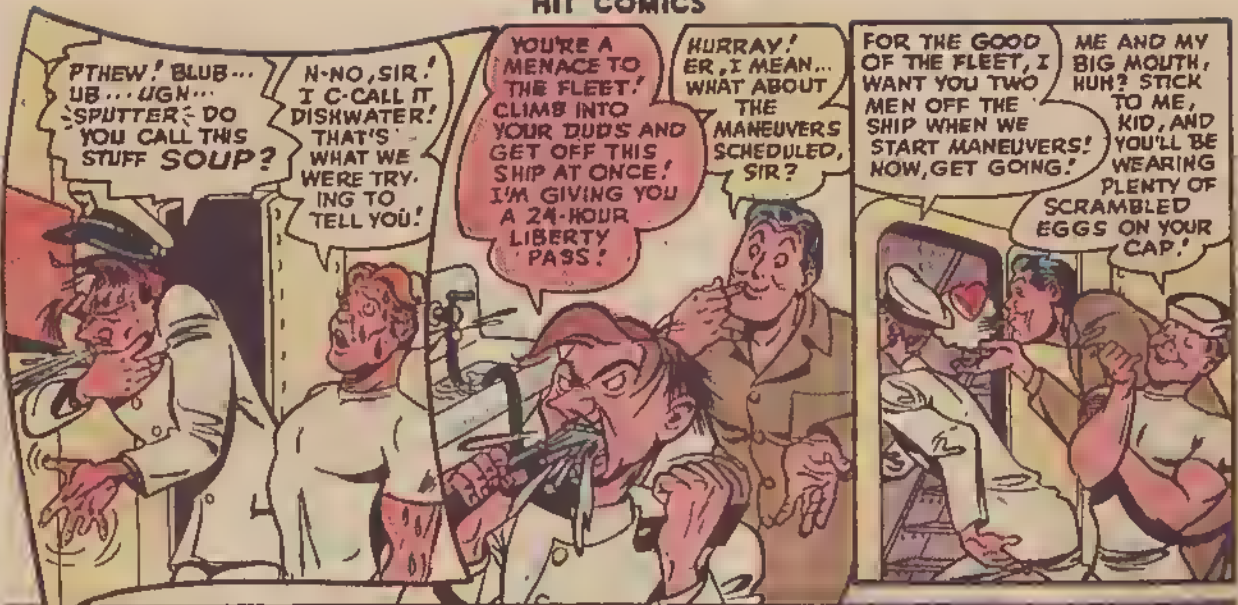
AT EASE, MEN! THIS IS JUST A ROUTINE INSPECTION! HAND ME THAT LADLE!

YES, SIR! B...BUT... B...BUT...

A GOOD OFFICER ALWAYS CHECKS THE CREW'S MESS TO SEE HOW THEY'RE EATING!

YES, SIR! B...BUT... B...BUT...





PTHEW! BLUB...  
UB...UGH...  
SPUTTER DO  
YOU CALL THIS  
STUFF SOUP?

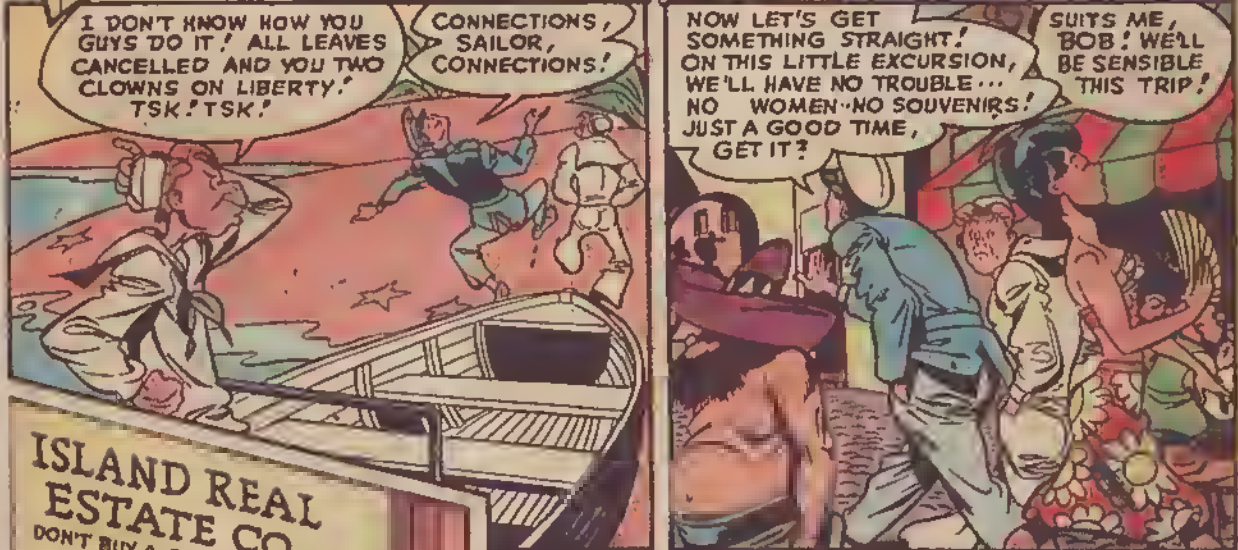
N-NO, SIR!  
I C-CALL IT  
DISHWATER!  
THAT'S  
WHAT WE  
WERE TRY-  
ING TO  
TELL YOU!

YOU'RE A  
MENACE TO  
THE FLEET!  
CLIMB INTO  
YOUR DUD'S AND  
GET OFF THIS  
SHIP AT ONCE!  
I'M GIVING YOU  
A 24-HOUR  
LIBERTY  
PASS!

HURRAY!  
ER, I MEAN...  
WHAT ABOUT  
THE  
MANEUVERS  
SCHEDULED,  
SIR?

FOR THE GOOD  
OF THE FLEET, I  
WANT YOU TWO  
MEN OFF THE  
SHIP WHEN WE  
START MANEUVERS!  
NOW, GET GOING!

ME AND MY  
BIG MOUTH,  
HUH? STICK  
TO ME,  
KID, AND  
YOU'LL BE  
WEARING  
PLENTY OF  
SCRAMBLED  
EGGS ON YOUR  
CAP!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU  
GUYS DO IT! ALL LEAVES  
CANCELLED AND YOU TWO  
CLOWNS ON LIBERTY!  
TSK! TSK!

CONNECTIONS,  
SAILOR,  
CONNECTIONS!

NOW LET'S GET  
SOMETHING STRAIGHT!  
ON THIS LITTLE EXCURSION,  
WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE...  
NO WOMEN...NO SOUVENIRS!  
JUST A GOOD TIME,  
GET IT?

SUITS ME,  
BOB! WE'LL  
BE SENSIBLE  
THIS TRIP!

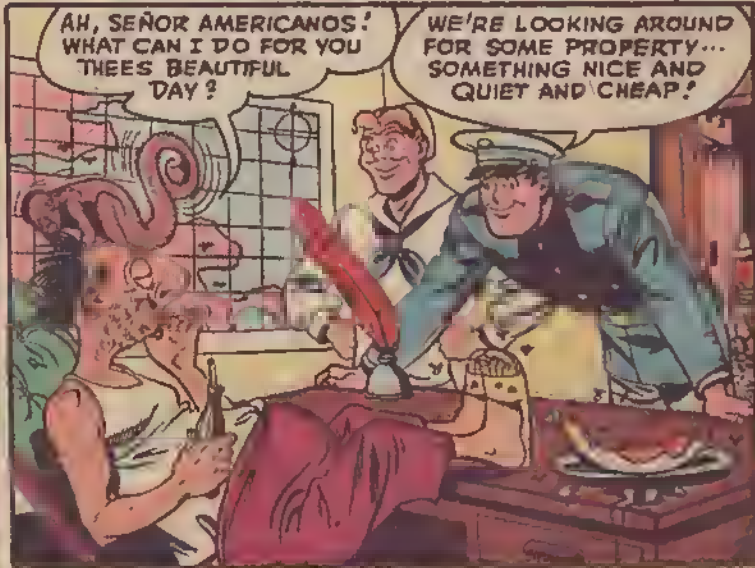


ISLAND REAL  
ESTATE CO.

DON'T BUY A SQUEEGEE 'TIL YOU  
SEE LUIGI!  
PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE WITH  
A SOUND INVESTMENT  
DREAM AWAY THE YEARS ON  
A PEACEFUL ISLAND!

HMM!  
NOW THAT'S  
SOMETHING  
WORTH  
CONSIDERING!  
REAL ESTATE  
IS GOOD  
SECURITY!

HERE  
WE GO  
AGAIN!  
LET'S INVEST-  
GATE!



AH, SEÑOR AMERICANOS!  
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU  
THEES BEAUTIFUL  
DAY?

WE'RE LOOKING AROUND  
FOR SOME PROPERTY...  
SOMETHING NICE AND  
QUIET AND CHEAP!



I READ THEES LEEST  
OF PROPERTIES! HOW'S  
ABOUT BANANA FARM?  
COCONUT PLANTATION?  
OYSTER BED?  
PINEAPPLE  
FARM?

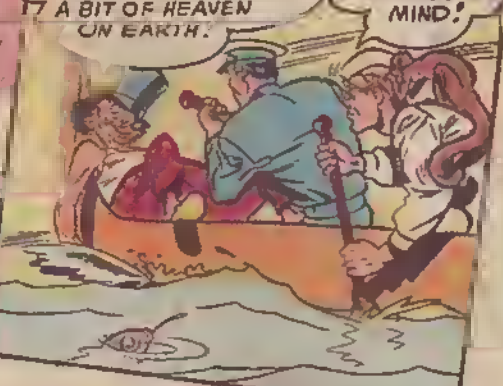
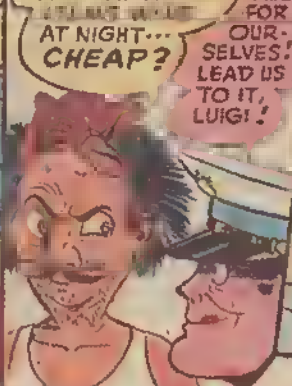
NAW! WE  
DON'T WANNA  
WORK!  
WE WANT  
TO RETIRE-  
LIKE  
GENTLEMEN!

AHA! I HAVE  
EET! HOW YOU  
LIKE WAN LEELE,  
BEAUTIFUL  
ISLAND...  
WHERE THE  
OCEAN SPLASHES  
ALL DAY AND  
AT NIGHT...  
CHEAP?

WOW!  
WHAT AN  
IDEA!  
A TINY  
PARA-  
DISE  
ALL FOR  
OUR-  
SELVES!  
LEAD US  
TO IT,  
LUIGI!

ON THEES  
ISLAND, YOU WEEEL  
BE HAPPY AS TWO  
ENCHILLADOS DEEPED  
EEN PAPRIKA! EET EES  
A PEARL SURROUNDED  
BY EMERALD WATERS.  
A BIT OF HEAVEN  
ON EARTH!

ROW  
FASTER,  
BOB, BEFORE  
THEES  
CHARACTER  
CHANGES HIS  
MIND!



BUENO, EH,  
SEÑORS? A  
PRECIOUS GEM...  
A TREASURE  
SPOT!

WHEW! HE WASN'T  
KIDDING! IT'S A DREAM  
OF PARADISE! THAT'S  
WHAT WE'LL CALL IT...  
PARADISE ISLAND!



HEY! HOW  
DID THESE  
PITS GET  
HERE?

OH, EET EES  
NOTHEENG, SEÑORS!  
SOME PEOPLE  
HAVE DEEG FOR  
BURIED TREASURE!  
THERE EES MUCH  
TREASURE LEFT  
HERE BY OLD  
PIRATES!

WHAT GOES ON  
HERE? I SUPPOSE  
A COUPLE OF  
EAGER BEAVERS  
CHEWED THEIR  
WAY THROUGH  
THESE TREES,  
EH, LUIGI?

AHA! YOU  
MAKE  
JOKE, EH,  
SEÑOR?  
TROPICAL  
STORM  
OFTEN  
BREAK  
TREES  
LIKE  
MATCHES!



WELL, HOW  
MUCH DO YOU  
WANT FOR THE  
PARCEL,  
LUIGI?

FOR YOU,  
BECAUSE YOU  
APPRECIATE  
ZE BEAUTY,  
I GEEV EET  
CHEAP!  
ONE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS!



HERE'S FIFTY  
BUCKS! THAT'S  
ALL WE'VE GOT!  
HOW ABOUT THE  
DEED, LUIGI?

FEEFTY  
DOLLAROS?  
DIABLO! ZAT  
EES ROBBERY...  
BUT I TAKE EET!  
HERE EES BLANK  
PAPER! MAKE  
UP YOUR OWN  
DEED!



WE FOXED HIM,  
BOB, OLE KID! IT'S ALL  
OURS FOR FIFTY BUCKS!  
YIPPEE! WHAT A  
SWINDLE!

WHAT A DEAL! WAIT'LL  
THE SUCKERS HEAR ABOUT  
THIS! A SOUTH SEA  
ISLAND FOR FIFTY  
BUCKS! HAW  
HAW!



CLIMB INTO THE  
MONKEY SWING,  
CLOSE YOUR EYES...  
AND DREAM ABOUT  
MOONLIGHT, SOFT  
GUITARS AND  
GENTLE BREEZES!

NOT TO MENTION  
THE GENTLE SWISH  
OF HULA  
SKIRTS!

I CAN  
JUST SEE  
THE REST OF  
THE BOYS SWEATING  
OUT MANEUVERS,  
TAKING ORDERS,  
HEAVING SHELLS!

LET'S NOT  
THINK OF THE  
RABBLE,  
SWABBIE,  
OLD MAN!  
JUST  
RELAX!

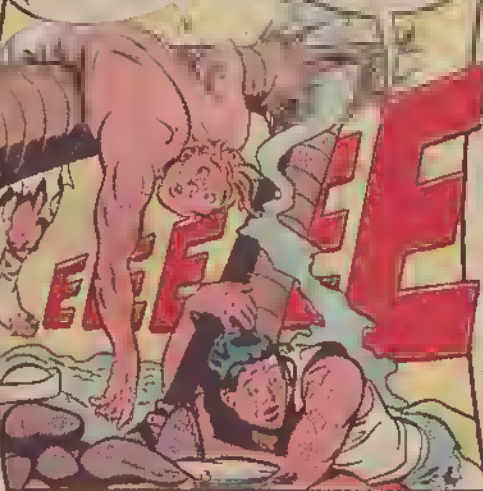


WHAT  
TH...!

ULP!  
YEEOWW!

D-DON'T LOOK  
NOW, B-BUT I  
THINK THERE'S  
A WAR ON!

N-NOT  
ONLY THAT...  
BUT OUR F-FRIEND  
LUIGI ROWED  
AWAY IN THE  
BOAT!



THE JIG'S  
UP, SWABBIE!  
S'LONG, OLD  
PAL!

A FINE WAY TO DIE! WELL,  
AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE FAR  
TO GO AFTER WE GET HIT!  
WE'RE ALREADY IN  
PARADISE!





I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S RUN UP A HOME-MADE SIGNAL LINE AND SURRENDER TO THE ENEMY!

G-GOSH! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT?

THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE! I HOPE THE ENEMY RECOGNIZES THE SIGNAL!

HOW CAN THEY MISS? THEY'LL PROBABLY THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF THEIR SPIES WHO WANT THEIR LAUNDRY PICKED UP!

In the meantime, aboard the U.S.S. Brimstone...

EGADS! SOMEONE'S HOISTED A SURRENDER SIGNAL ON THE TARGET AREA! SEND ORDERS TO CEASE FIRE! SEND A BOAT TO THE TARGET AT ONCE!



YIPPEE! WE'RE SAVED! A RESCUE TEAM IS COMING!

HOORAY! THEY'RE OUR OWN BOYS! LOOK AT OLD GLORY FLYING AT THE BOW!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE, YOU BARNACLE-BRAINED JOKERS?

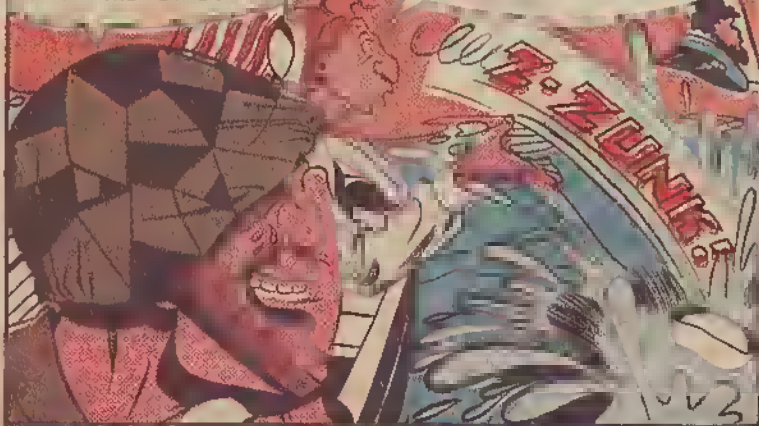
NO TIME FOR A QUIZ NOW, BELL-HOP! JUST GET US OFF THIS ISLAND! WE'VE BEEN UNDER ENEMY FIRE FOR AN ENTIRE HOUR! WHEN DID THE WAR START?

ENEMY FIRE? PULL OFF YOUR BONNET AND DUNK YOUR HEAD IN COLD WATER, SAILOR! YOU GUYS WILL GET PLENTY FOR THIS GAG!

YEAH! THE WHOLE FLEET'S STOPPED MANEUVERS ON ACCOUNT OF YOU! THIS ISLAND WAS A STRATEGIC TARGET TO BE DEMOLISHED!

WHEN YOU GET THROUGH PEELING THOSE SPUDS, WRESTLE WITH THESE AND SLICE 'EM FINE! WE'RE HAVING SHOE-STRING SPUDS FOR CHOW!

Y-YES, SIR! WILL YOU THROW DOWN A CALENDAR, SIR? WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT YEAR WE'LL FINISH THIS PROJECT!



# BIG BROTHER

FROM JOB TO JOB AND ADVENTURE, TO ADVENTURE  
BIG FELLER AND HIS KID BROTHER, MITIE, JUST  
KEEP ROLLING ALONG!

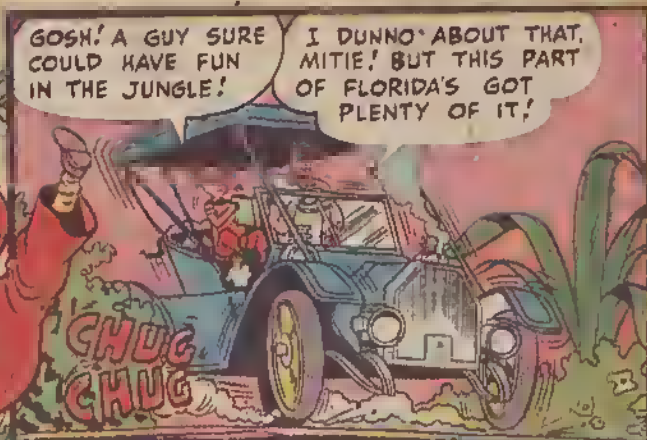


HEY, BIG!... LOOK!  
I CAN SWING FROM  
BRANCH TO BRANCH  
JUST LIKE AN APE  
IN THE JUNGLE!

THAT'S FINE, MITIE!  
YOU CAN THROW ME  
ONE OF THOSE ORANGES  
ON YOUR NEXT SWING!

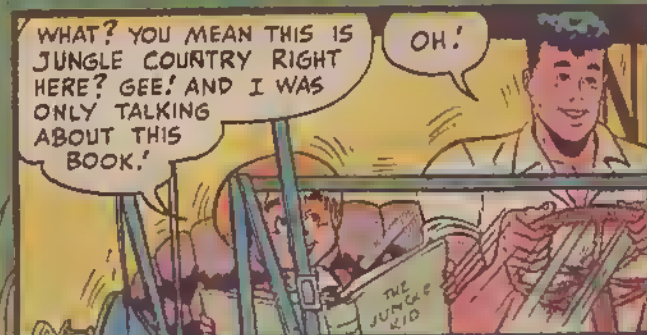
GOSH! A GUY SURE  
COULD HAVE FUN  
IN THE JUNGLE!

I DUNNO' ABOUT THAT,  
MITIE! BUT THIS PART  
OF FLORIDA'S GOT  
PLENTY OF IT!



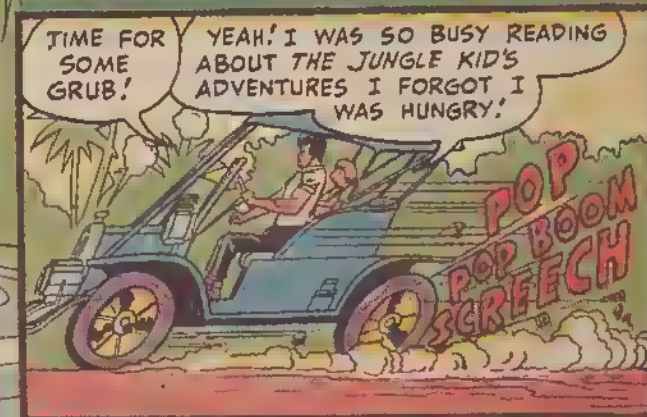
WHAT? YOU MEAN THIS IS  
JUNGLE COUNTRY RIGHT  
HERE? GEE! AND I WAS  
ONLY TALKING  
ABOUT THIS  
BOOK!

OH!

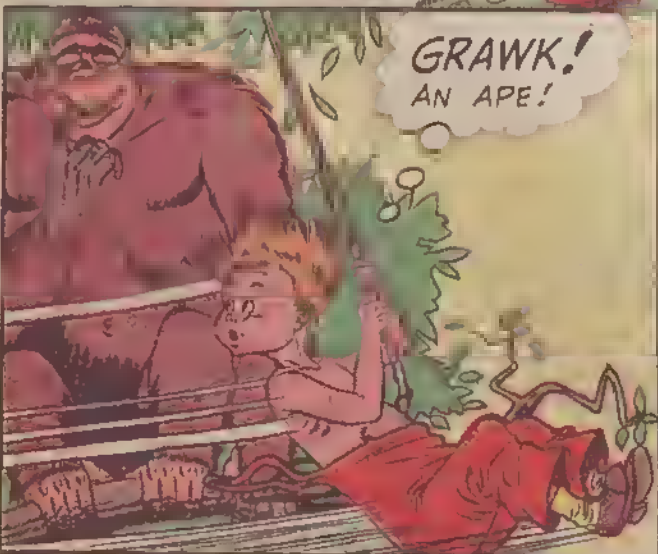
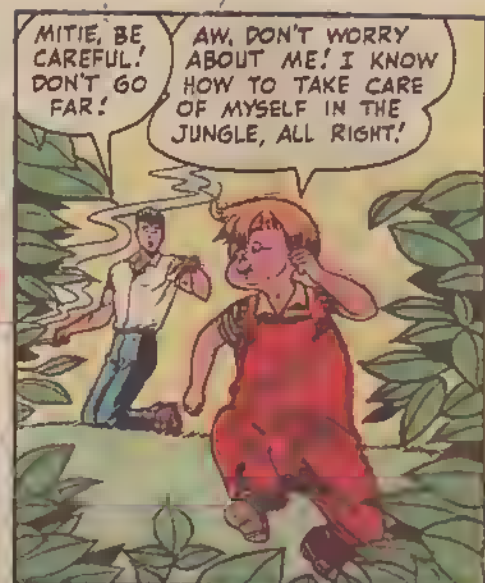


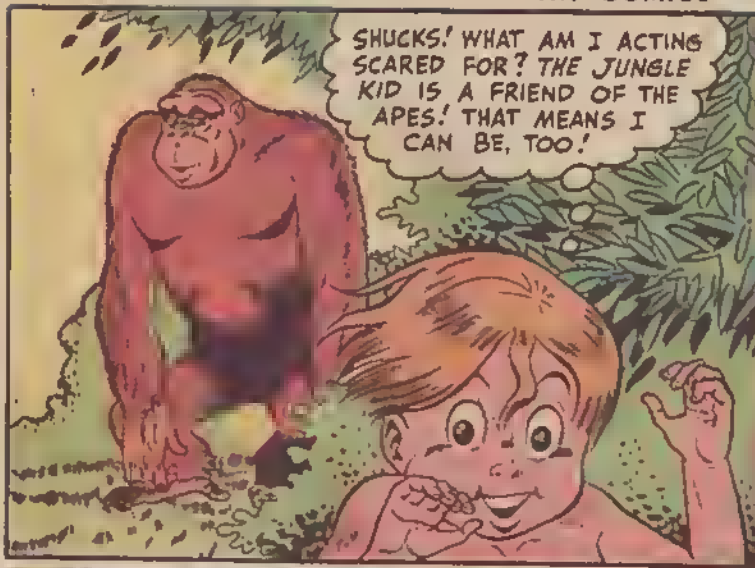
TIME FOR  
SOME  
GRUB!

YEAH! I WAS SO BUSY READING  
ABOUT THE JUNGLE KID'S  
ADVENTURES I FORGOT I  
WAS HUNGRY!

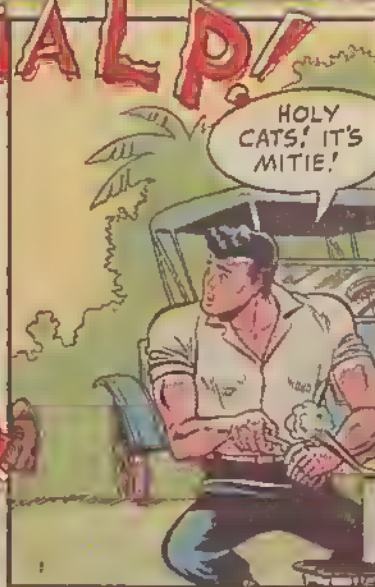
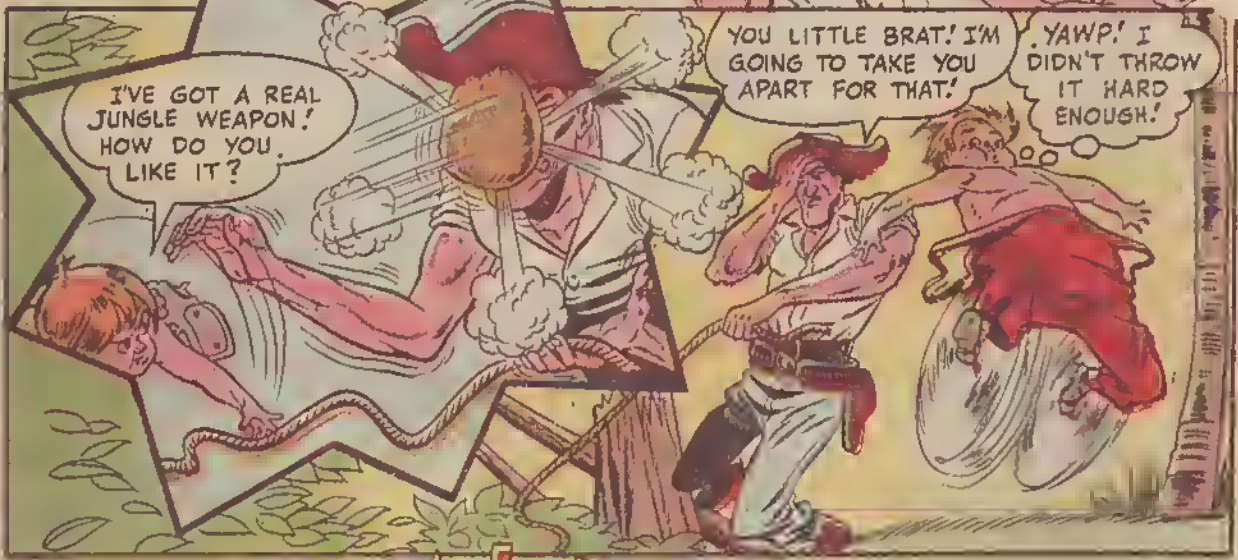


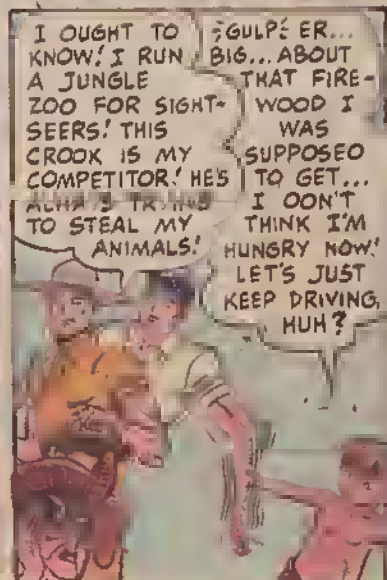
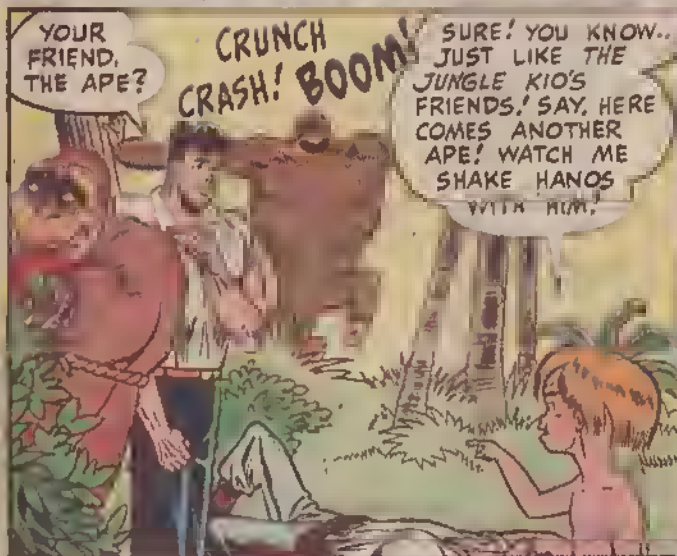
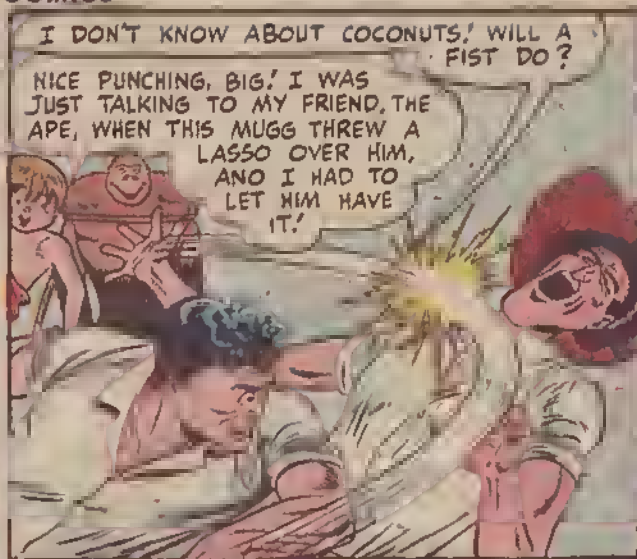














# BETTY BATES

THE FOOTLIGHT CLUB PRESENTS...

## "FIRE and SWORD"

Starring DUDLEY DEAN and MARGIE MANNERS  
SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION TONIGHT...

# MURDER!

TICKETS  
NOW ON  
SALE!

It was strictly an amateur performance from start to finish! The murderer had never killed before, which made the whole case a professional headache to District Attorney Betty Bates when she tried to apply

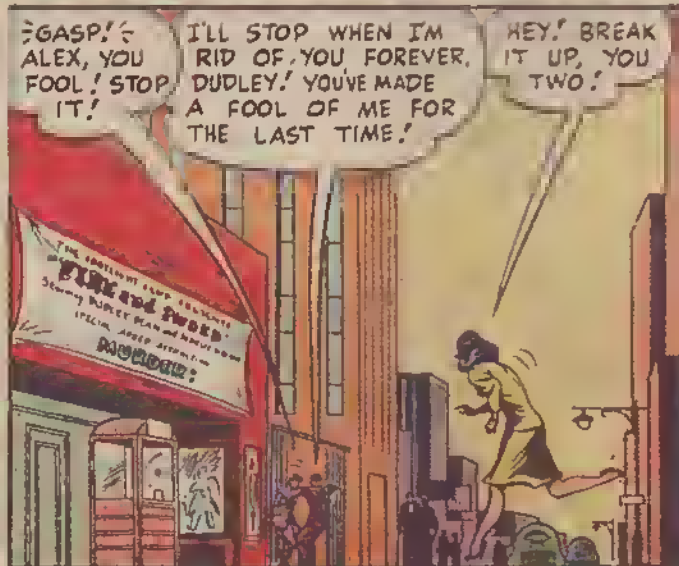
**THE RULES OF MURDER!**

A DAY OFF LIKE THIS REALLY THROWS ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF! IF...OH-OH! WHAT ON EARTH...?

"GASP!"  
ALEX, YOU FOOL! STOP IT!

I'LL STOP WHEN I'M RID OF YOU FOREVER, DUDLEY! YOU'VE MADE A FOOL OF ME FOR THE LAST TIME!

HEY! BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!



WHY DON'T YOU TWO  
GET BOXING GLOVES  
AND RENT A  
GYMNASIUM?

KEEP OUT OF THIS,  
SISTER! I'M GOING  
TO FINISH WHAT I  
STARTED AND YOU  
CAN'T STOP ME!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, WISE  
BOY! I CAN DO WORSE THAN  
STOP YOU IF YOU DON'T FIND  
SOME BUSINESS ELSEWHERE  
AND GO TEND TO IT!

ALL RIGHT,  
BUT I'M NOT  
THROUGH  
WITH HIM  
YET!



OH,  
NO?

HEY!

THANK YOU, MA'AM! SAY  
AREN'T YOU BETTY BATES,  
THE LADY DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY? I'VE SEEN  
YOUR PICTURES...

RIGHT! BUT  
SUPPOSE YOU  
EXPLAIN THIS  
BRAWL! YOUR  
FRIEND SOUNDED  
A BIT ON THE  
NASTY SIDE!

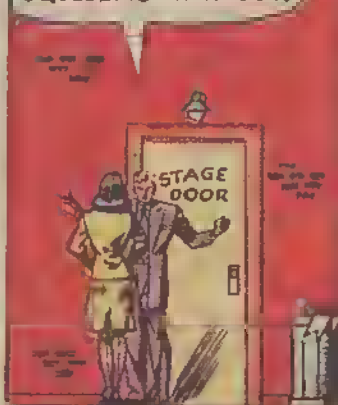


HE IS! POOR  
ALEX HAS A  
PERSECUTION  
COMPLEX! HE  
THINKS I'M  
DELIBERATELY  
RUINING  
EVERYTHING  
HE TRIES  
TO DO!

ALEX--DUDLEY!  
NOW I KNOW!  
YOU TWO ARE  
IN THE PLAY  
HERE! YOU'RE  
THE STAR, DUDLEY  
DEAN, AND HE'S  
ALEX RACE,  
ANOTHER  
ACTOR!

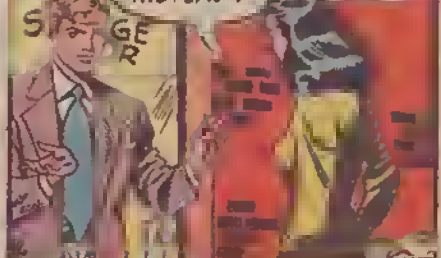


RIGHT! THAT'S ONE  
REASON. ALEX HATES  
ME! HE WANTED TO BE  
THE STAR! HE THINKS  
I'M DELIBERATELY  
SQUEEZING HIM OUT!



UNINTENTIONALLY, I KEEP  
BEATING HIM OUT OF EVERY-  
THING HE WANTS -- JOB, GIRL,  
THE PART IN THE PLAY! I  
DON'T MEAN TO, REALLY!

I THINK I SEE! HE'S  
EMOTIONALLY UNBALANCED,  
YET DOESN'T REALIZE  
THAT'S WHAT HOLDS HIM  
BACK! HE BLAMES YOU  
INSTEAD!





FRANKLY, I'M WORRIED! I WISH YOU HAD THE TIME TO SIT THROUGH OUR REHEARSAL, MISS BATES -- TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

I THINK I WILL, DUDLEY! I'D LIKE TO WATCH A REHEARSAL ANYHOW AND THAT FELLOW ALEX BOTHERS ME! HE COULD STILL MAKE TROUBLE!



Rehearsal begins -- BASE VILLAIN! THOU CANST NOT TOY WITH ME LONGER! THEN HAVE AT THEE, KNAVE! 'TIS TIME THE BUZZARDS FEASTED!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? THEY WERE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS TEN MINUTES AGO AND NOW THEY'RE ACTING THEIR PARTS AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED.



HA, CHURL! VENGEANCE IS THE SWEETEST CUP THAT E'ER THESE LIPS DID SAVOR!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE WAVES THAT BLADE AROUND!



AAAAAGH!

'TIS DONE! THE BLOOD IS SPILLED TO HEAL THE WOUND OF HATRED!

EEEK! TOO LATE! HE'S DONE IT!



YBEK! HE KILLED DUDLEY!

STOP OR I'LL SHOOT, RACE!

NEVER!

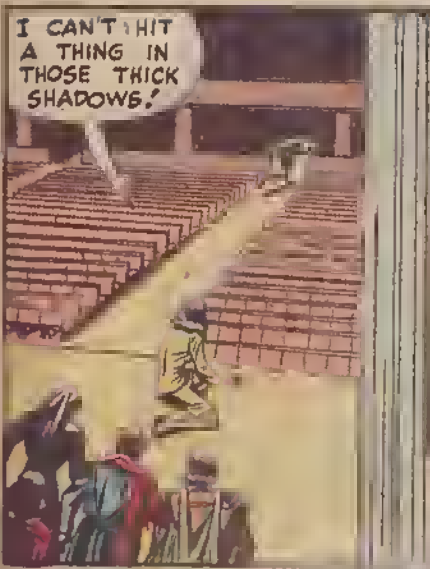


I WARNED YOU NOT TO BUTT IN AGAIN!

WOW! I HEARD THAT ONE WHISTLE AS IT CROSSED THE PART IN MY HAIR!



I CAN'T HIT  
A THING IN  
THOSE THICK  
SHADOWS.



THAT DOOR WASN'T  
OPEN BEFORE. HE  
MUST HAVE RUN OUT  
THERE -- BUT HE WON'T  
GET FAR IN THAT  
GOOFY COSTUME.



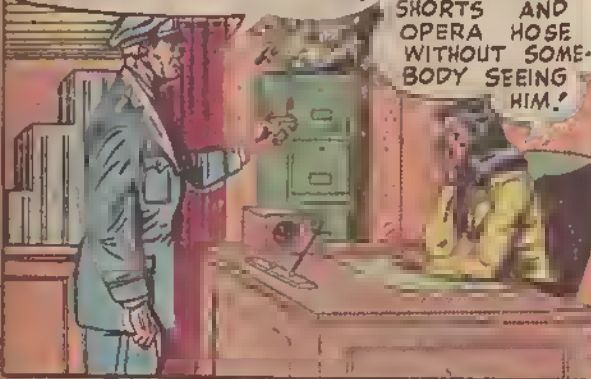
THE THING TO DO IS START A  
SQUAD COMBING THE NEIGHBOR-  
HOOD. BEFORE HE GETS A  
CHANGE OF CLOTHES, WE'LL  
NAB HIM.



But hours later, back at her office...

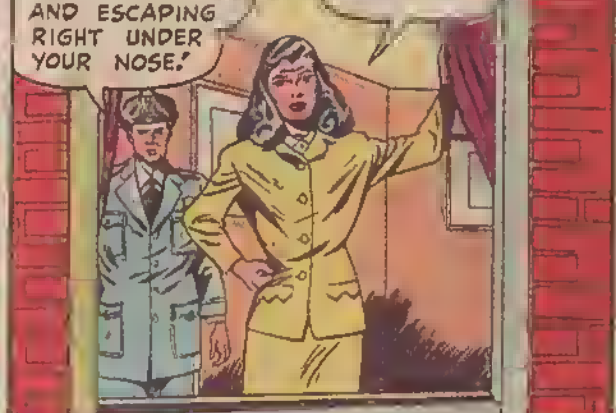
WE'VE SEARCHED THE THEATRE  
AND EVERY BUILDING FOR  
BLOCKS, MISS BATES -- AND  
HIS DESCRIPTION HAS BEEN  
BROADCAST EVERYWHERE!

HALLIGAN, A  
GROWN MAN  
CAN'T RUN  
AROUND IN  
VELVETEEN  
SHORTS AND  
OPERA HOSE  
WITHOUT SOME-  
BODY SEEING  
HIM.



I KNOW -- AND THE  
PAPERS ARE RAISING  
A FUSS. THEY'RE  
YELLING ABOUT A  
KILLER STRIKING  
AND ESCAPING  
RIGHT UNDER  
YOUR NOSE.

DON'T I KNOW IT?  
HE'S GOT TO BE  
NAILED FAST OR I'M  
SUNK AS DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY!



THE TROUBLE IS,  
IT'S AN AMATEUR  
MURDER AND  
NOBODY CAN  
PREDICT WHAT  
A CRAZY  
AMATEUR MIGHT  
DO NEXT.

YEAH, EXPERIENCED  
CRIMINALS FOLLOW  
CERTAIN KNOWN  
PATTERNS. THEY SORT  
OF FOLLOW THE RULES  
OF MURDER, YOU  
MIGHT SAY.



HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, HALLIGAN. BUT  
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS ---  
WHO MAKES THE RULES FOR A  
KILL-CRAZY BEGINNER?





Late that night...

NINE HOURS AND STILL NO TRACE OF ALEX RACE! I MAY AS WELL GO HOME AND TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP! I'M REALLY ON THE SPOT!

IF I WERE KILL-CRAZY AND ALL TWISTED UP, WHERE WOULD I HIDE? WITH NO FRIENDS, I'D TRY TO THINK OF SOME UNUSUAL SPOT!

AWWRRK! I JUST HAD! A HORRIBLE THOUGHT! IF IT WERE I, I KNOW WHERE I'D TRY TO HIDE! BUT I CERTAINLY HOPE I'M WRONG!



A few minutes pass before Betty Bates turns the key in her own door...

I SHOULD BE IN HORROR MOVIES! IF I CAN SCARE MYSELF THIS BADLY, THINK WHAT I COULD DO TO THE PUBLIC WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE!

WELL, HERE GOES FOR HOME SWEET HOMICIDE!



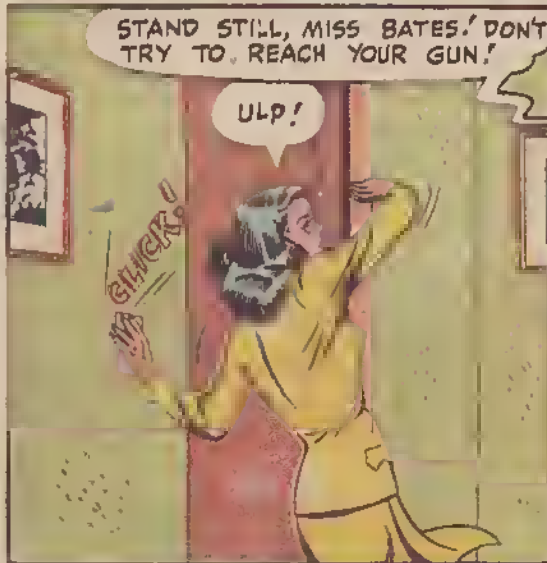
BRRR! THIS PLACE IS AS DARK AS A BLACK CAT'S SHADOW! WHERE IS THAT LIGHT SWITCH?



STAND STILL, MISS BATES! DON'T TRY TO REACH YOUR GUN!

ULP!

CLICK!



SO MY GUESS WAS RIGHT! YOU DID FIGURE OUT THE SAFEST HIDING PLACE WOULD BE MY APARTMENT-- AND THE MOST CONVENIENT PLACE TO KILL ME!

EXACTLY! I HAVE TO KILL YOU! YOU THREW ME AROUND MADE ME LOOK SILLY, AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! I KNEW YOU LIVED NEAR THE THEATRE. ALONE!



IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO LEAVE YOUR SPARE GUN HERE, LOADED. I'LL DO IT, QUICK, SO YOU WON'T SUFFER.

I'M AFRAID NOT, ALEX. YOU'RE ABOUT TO MAKE YOUR LAST MISTAKE.



OKAY, BOYS. TRY TO TAKE HIM ALIVE. GRAB HIS GUN HAND FIRST.

YOU CAN'T TRAP ME WITH THAT OLD GAG! THERE'S NOBODY BEHIND ME! YOU THINK I'M SILLY ENOUGH TO TURN AROUND...



THAT NOISE! THERE IS SOMEONE BEHIND ME!-- AT THE WINDOW. I'LL KILL THEM, TOO! I'LL ---

THANKS FOR MAKING THAT LAST MISTAKE, ALEX.



I'LL TAKE THAT GUN BEFORE YOU HURT SOMEONE WITH IT!

ARGHHH!



IT'S TOO BAD, ALEX! YOU'VE BEEN MIS-UNDERSTANDING THINGS ALL YOUR LIFE-- BUT THIS WAS YOUR PRIZE MISTAKE!

BLAST YOU! WHO IS OUT THERE? POLICE?



I COULDN'T FIND A POLICEMAN QUICK WHEN I GUESSED YOU MIGHT BE HERE -- SO I TURNED THE JOB OVER TO FLUFFY!



A short time later...

GREAT WORK, BETTY! BUT HOW DID YOU DISTRACT HIS ATTENTION LONG ENOUGH TO GRAB THE GUN?

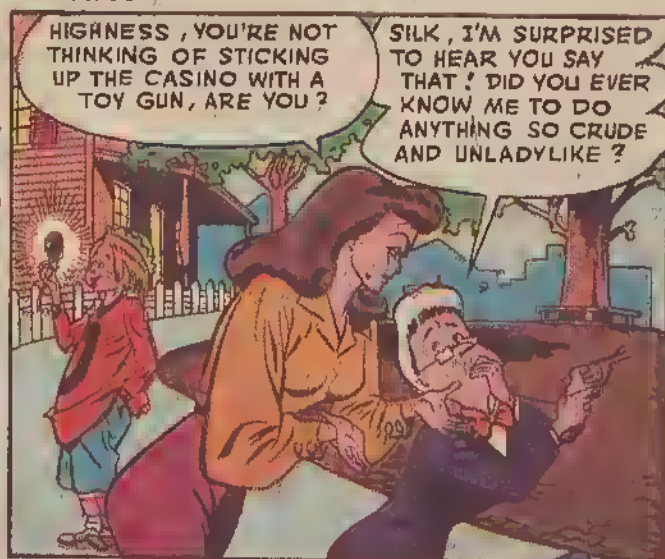
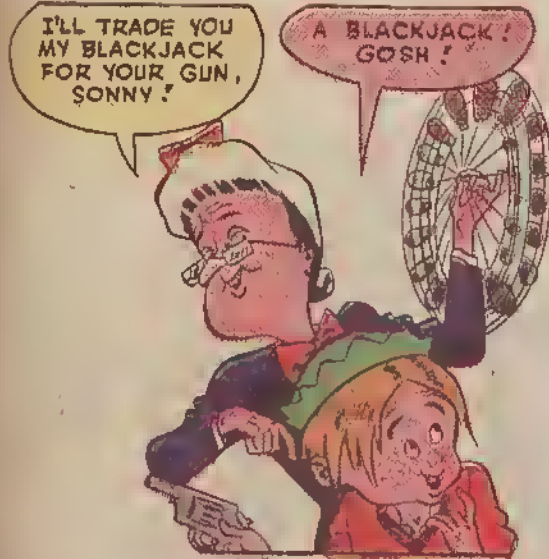
FLUFFY WAS PLAYING OUTSIDE! I PUT HIM ON THE WINDOW LEDGE, KNOWING HE'D SCRATCH TO BE BROUGHT IN WHEN THE LIGHT CAME ON. HE'S A GOOD COP, HALLIGAN! WHEN HE GROWS UP, I MAY PUT HIM ON THE FORCE!



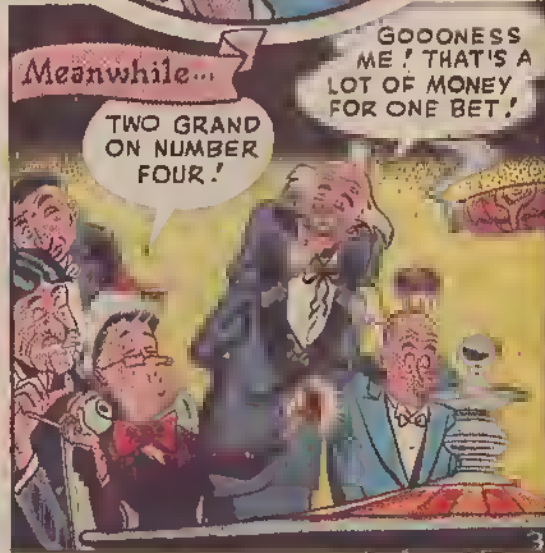
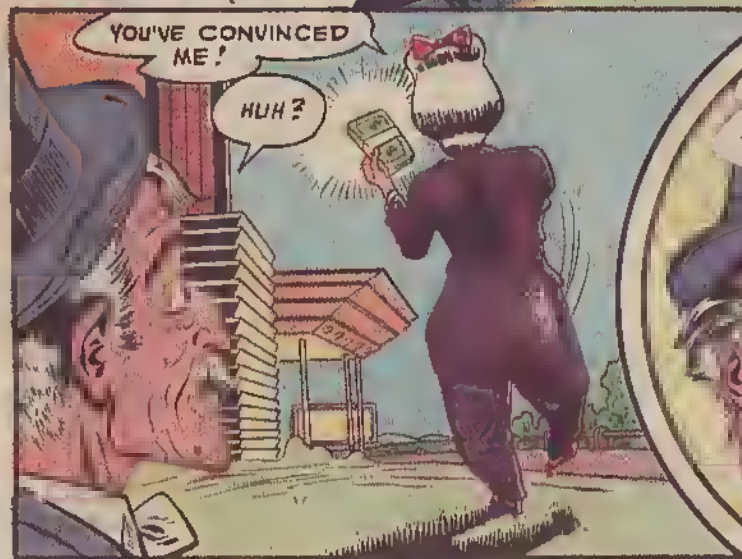


# HER HIGHNESS



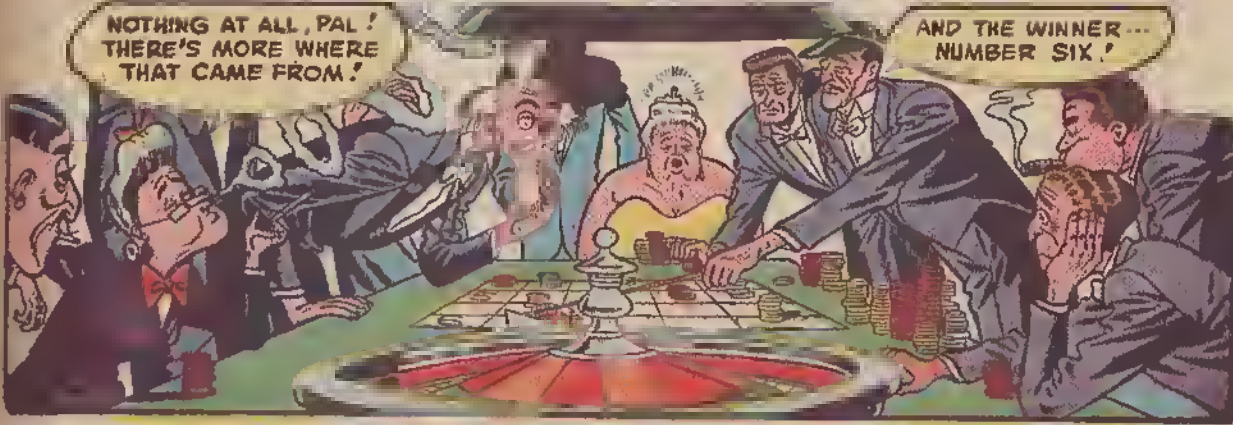






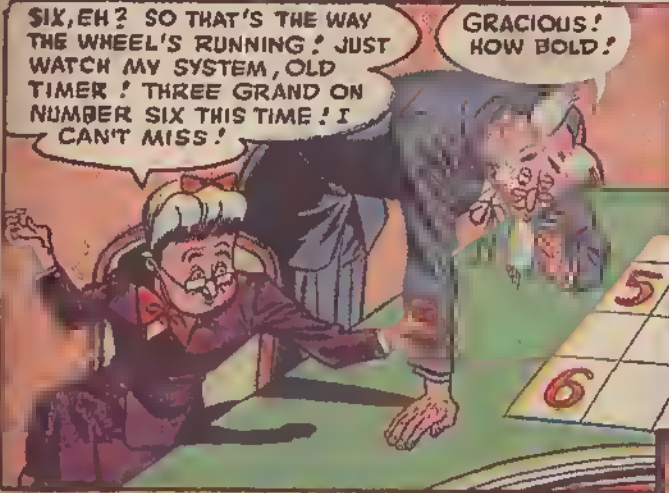
NOTHING AT ALL, PAL!  
THERE'S MORE WHERE  
THAT CAME FROM!

AND THE WINNER...  
NUMBER SIX!



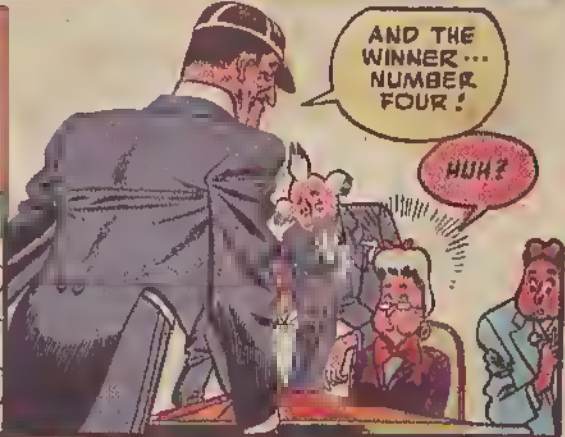
SIX, EH? SO THAT'S THE WAY  
THE WHEEL'S RUNNING! JUST  
WATCH MY SYSTEM, OLD  
TIMER! THREE GRAND ON  
NUMBER SIX THIS TIME! I  
CAN'T MISS!

GRACIOUS!  
HOW BOLD!



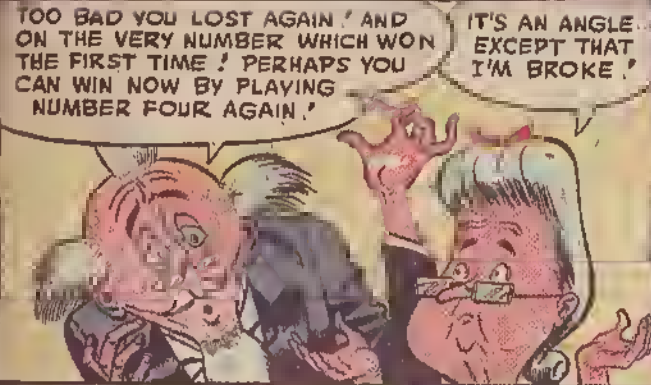
AND THE WINNER...  
NUMBER  
FOUR!

HUH?



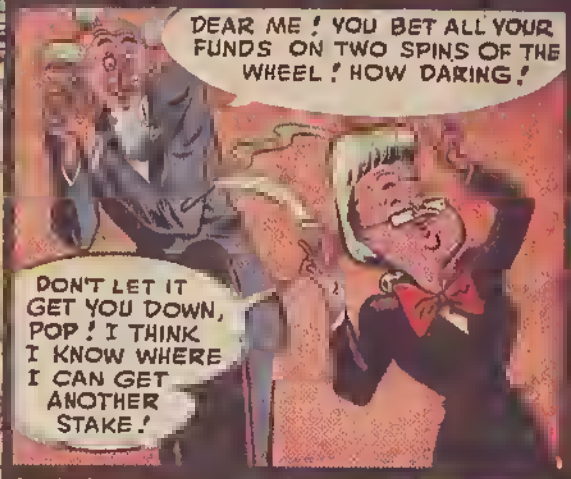
TOO BAD YOU LOST AGAIN, AND  
ON THE VERY NUMBER WHICH WON  
THE FIRST TIME! PERHAPS YOU  
CAN WIN NOW BY PLAYING  
NUMBER FOUR AGAIN!

IT'S AN ANGLE  
EXCEPT THAT  
I'M BROKE!



DEAR ME! YOU BET ALL YOUR  
FUNDS ON TWO SPINS OF THE  
WHEEL! HOW DARING!

DON'T LET IT  
GET YOU DOWN,  
POP! I THINK  
I KNOW WHERE  
I CAN GET  
ANOTHER  
STAKE!



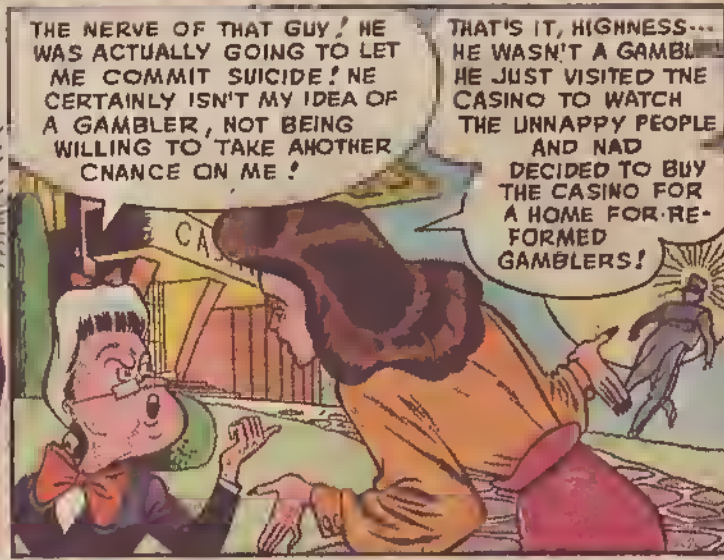
I HOPE SILK  
STUCK CLOSE TO  
THE SUCKER!



THERE THEY ARE! I'LL  
GET BEHIND THE HEDGE  
SO THEY'LL SEE ME  
WHEN THEY PASS IT!







# A million years ago

THE only cloud in the bland expanse of sky was a thin white one. On it reclined Kid Eternity and Mr. Keeper.

It was a lazy day, whether in heaven or on earth.

It was a day for floating, allowing the thoughts to rove at will, to explore places seldom hinted at during busier moments.

Kid Eternity had lain for two solid hours watching thin wisps of mist float upward as the bigger cloud drifted onward. Mr. Keeper was in his element—busy, doing nothing.

"This is wonderful, Kid," he said after a long silence. "Nothing on earth like it."

"Uh-huh," replied the Kid. "Uh—what did you say, Keep?"

Mr. Keeper gestured with one hand lazily, to take in the entire cosmos. "This—it's nice."

The Kid nodded, looking dreamy-eyed. "Yeah, it's nice. But for what? . . . You know what, Keep?"

"No, What?"

"Oh—nothing." The Kid closed his eyes.

Mr. Keeper watched his young charge with misgivings. In moods like this he was liable to launch on some world-shaking experiment. "You were saying—" invited Mr. Keeper.

"I was thinking," said the Kid, "how nice it would be to go back—far, far back through history and see how—"

"The other half live?" ent in Mr. Keeper. "I thought something was cooking. What have you in mind, Kid?"

The Kid raised up on both elbows. "We can go back through time, can't we, Keep?"

The oldster nodded. "Yes, but—"

"Fine! We're taking a trip, Keep—a trip into the past!"

"You're kidding, Kid!" said Mr. Keeper with a half smile. "You don't mean—"

"Exactly. We're going back several thousand years. Back to the very dawn of mankind. Back when—"

"Wait!" Mr. Keeper lifted both hands. "Be reasonable, Kid. Do you know what going back several thousand years implies?"

"No. But that's what I want to find out, Keep. Come on, pal, here I go!"

With that Kid Eternity plunged off the cloud in a neat dive that scraggled the edge of the misty cumulus for a moment.

"Wait!" yelled Mr. Keeper, poising on the edge. "I'm coming, Kid!"

And he plunged off like a porpoise, swooping down in a heavy arc. Already the Kid was far ahead of him, making tracks into Time.

The Kid brought up with a thud in a strange swamp. Miasmic fogs rolled and billowed around him. Giant tree ferns rose dense green fronds everywhere. Sucking sounds in the mud caused him to whirl. What stood behind him his wildest dreams had never pictured.

"A megatherium!" he breathed. "What a monster!"

The huge creature advanced slowly, each step dropping him three feet into the ooze. From his snout came miniature earthquakes of rumbling. The Kid froze, then he moved quickly. With a dash he scampered across the smoking swamp and began climbing a great tree.

Bang! The tree shook violently. The mighty beast had butted against it in his rush. But by now Kid Eternity had reached a crotch fifty feet above the monster. He rested, breathing hard. Then he heard a snicker. He looked up.

"Ha, Kid! That was close!" It was Mr. Keeper, safely squatting in another crotch just above him.

"You, Keep! When did you get there?"

"Just before you did. And how are we going to get away from that thing down below?"

The Kid laughed. "You forget, Keep, we are not human beings. . . . Let's go! There is more exploring to do!" He dived away.

Keep followed, right on his tail. He called to the Kid: "Take it easy! Do you know what age we are in? (no answer) This is the age just following the appearance of Man. Look around!"

The Kid had a funny thought as he swooped above the treetops: How could that megatherium have sensed his presence when he was totally invisible?

"See any specimens of Mankind?" he called to Keep.

Mr. Keeper passed him, then pointed downward. "Look there!"

They were flying over a glade surrounded with high stone walls. In the natural rock there were many holes—caves. Before some of the caves were strange man-like creatures. They had



## HIT COMICS

long, black hair, heavy features, sloping foreheads, simian jaws. Beasts!

"Men?" the Kid asked.

"Men," replied Mr. Keeper. "Want to have a closer look?"

They dropped down where they could command a good view of the entire glade. It was a scene that could only have taken place several million years ago. The troglodytes were at dinner. They had no fire—it was not discovered then. They ate raw flesh, tearing it apart with huge canine teeth.

"I can hardly believe it," said the Kid.

"Yet," said Mr. Keeper, "they are probably happier than Man of today. They have no worries aside from attack by wild beast—"

"Oh, no?" The Kid jumped. A heavy stone club went whining over his head. It thwacked against one of the cavemen, knocking him over. He lay still. Then abruptly the glade was a howling, screaming movie set. A different tribe of Man-things rushed in swinging clubs, yelling. Heads were battered. They had caught the glade dwellers unaware. The fight lasted only a few minutes, then the visiting tribesmen were away, carrying many captives.

The Kid chuckled. "Life hasn't changed much in the realm of Man, has it, Keeper?"

Mr. Keeper shook his head sadly. "No. And it never will. Well, let's—"

"Keep," said the Kid, "I'm going to assume human form—see what happens. Here goes . . . Eternity!"

With the magic word, the Kid became a flesh-and-blood boy of a modern age. He stood there looking at the frozen expressions on the faces of the original men. One of them grunted and pointed. Then they all rose and began advancing.

"Run!" shouted Mr. Keeper. "Those chaps mean business, Kid!"

There was no place to run. The walls of the glade were unscalable. The Kid, who had the ability to call upon any hero of the past, could think of none at this time. He needed help. There was no help to be had.

"Wait!" he called. "Stop, you fellows!"

The sounds caused them to halt. They balanced huge stone clubs menacingly. They growled like animals, baring two-inch fangs.

"And they are the men who spawned my forefathers," said the Kid to himself. "It's incredible. They are my ancient ancestors!"

"Are you going to get away from there, Kid?" called Mr. Keeper, dancing around in his invisibility.

Then abruptly one of the cavemen let fly with a club. It whistled past the Kid's ear,

plenty of power behind it. He ducked just in time.

"Run, Kid!"

Kid Eternity, feeling somewhat shaken, ran.

The cavemen were screaming now. They were just behind him. He reached the bottom of the steep walls, began clawing for a handhold. Then something hit him on the head and he slumped down, stars buzzing before him.

When he came to, he was trussed up in a dark cave. A small troglodyte crouched near him, watching, tiny eyes glittering balefully. Instantly he began shouting for his friends. And soon Kid Eternity was surrounded by a pack of the shaggiest creatures he had ever seen.

They chattered unintelligibly for a moment, then two of them advanced with uplifted clubs. This is it, thought the Kid. They're going to kill me.

"Call some one!" came Mr. Keeper's shout.

Who? thought the kid. Ah! Then he had it:

"Eternity!" he said. And immediately there stood in the cave a tall man, a man with a kindly look on his face. He held up a hand toward the savages.

"Peace!" he said. "This is a friend—a human, being like yourselves."

"Adam!" breathed the Kid. "You got here just in time!"

"They'll not harm you," said Adam. "Here, I'll cut your bonds." He bent over and, with a knife, snipped the vine-ropes that held the Kid's hands and feet. "Arise, my boy."

The Kid scrambled to his feet. He grinned at Adam, and at Mr. Keeper who had just arrived.

"Thanks, Adam. Tell me, are these actually the forerunners of the human race?"

The ancient Adam nodded.

"Then why," said the Kid, "are you not like them? You look modern!"

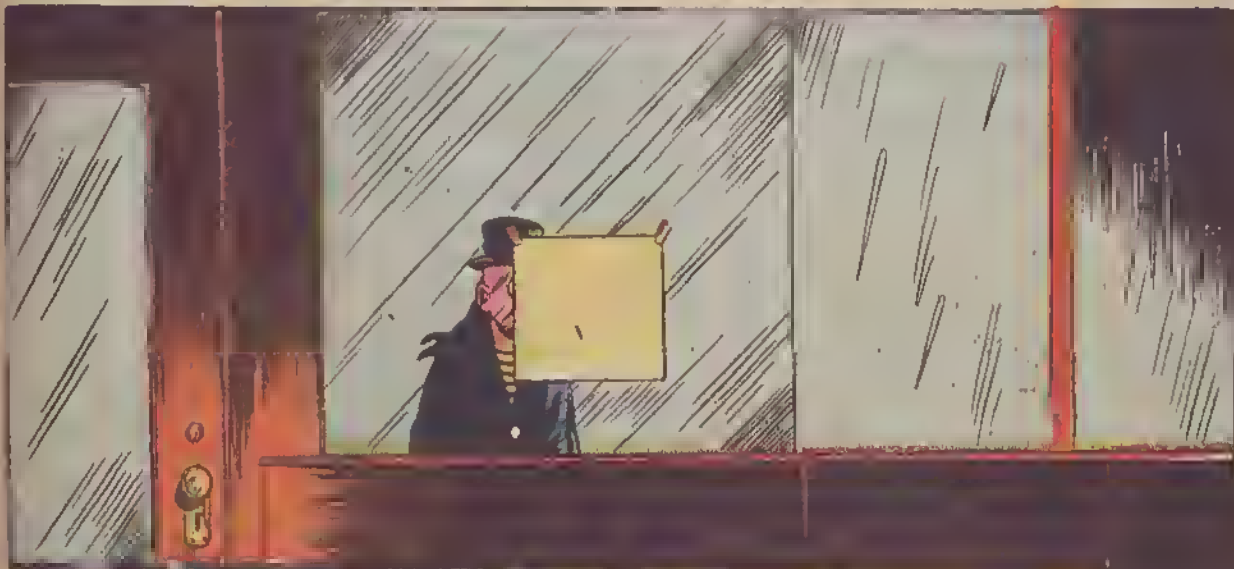
"Aye," said Adam. "I have gone through many regenerations, as all mankind has, as all mankind will have to as Time advances."

"Oh!" The Kid looked around. The savages stared at him with small, piggish eyes, fondling their clubs.

"I think I'll leave now," said the Kid. "I have seen enough. Man may be bad still, but he's a lot better than he was then—or now—whichever way you take it. Come, Mr. Keeper, let's go back to the future!"

And they did, satisfied that with all its vicissitudes, life is better now, mankind better than it was a million—or a century of million years ago.

# SIR RINGER



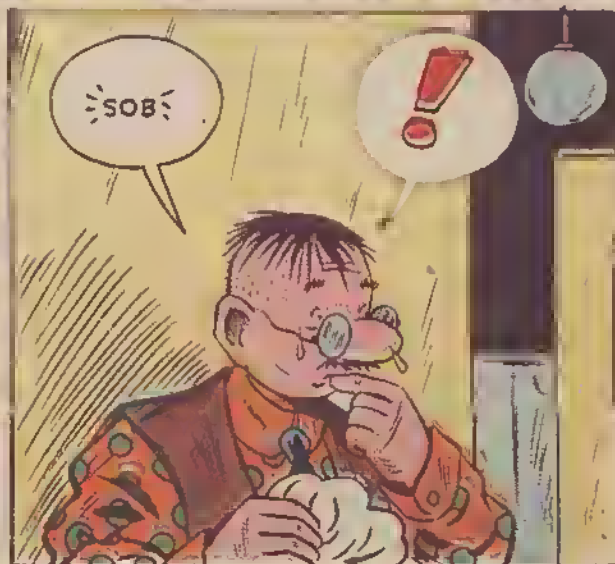
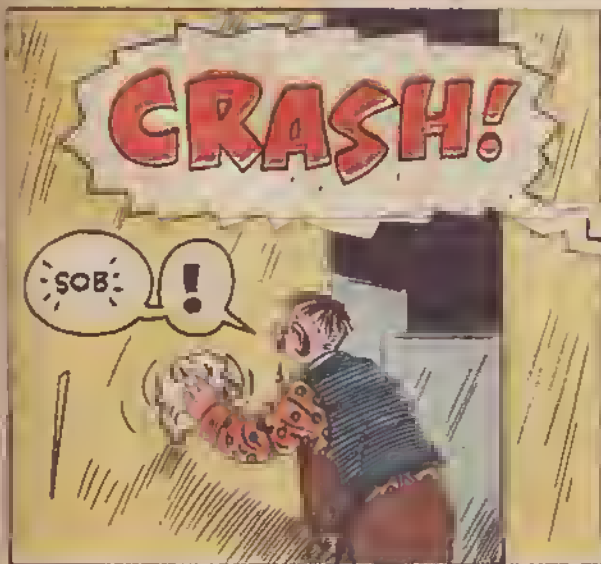
**CRASH!**

SOB

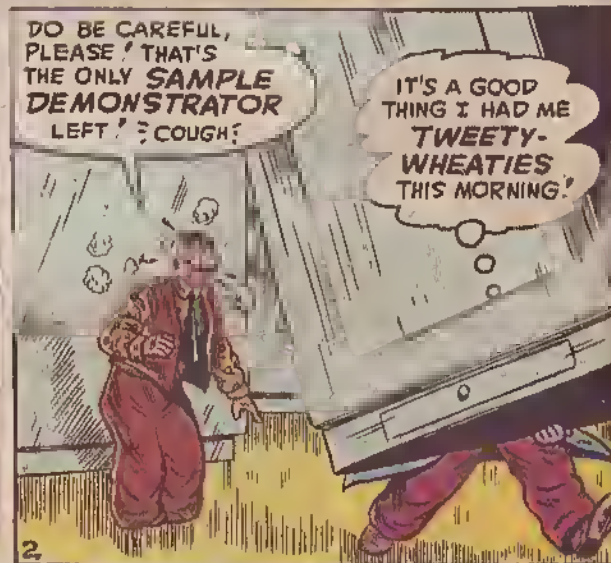
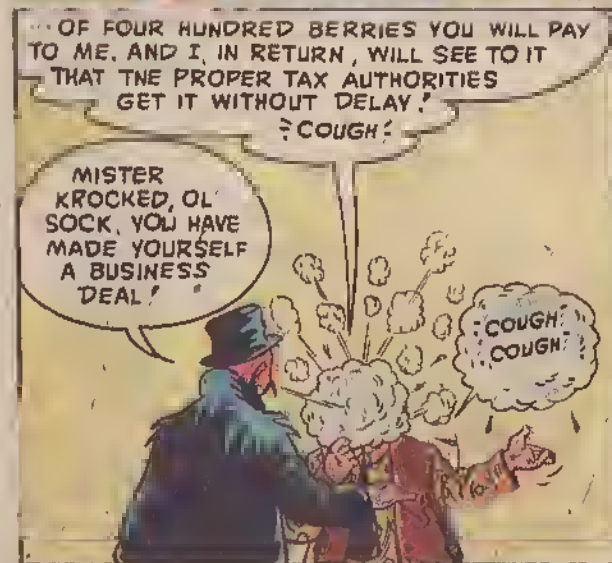
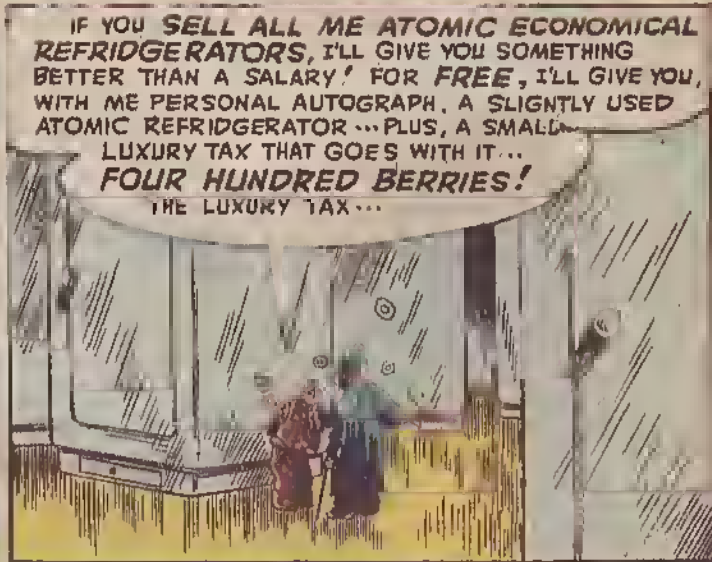
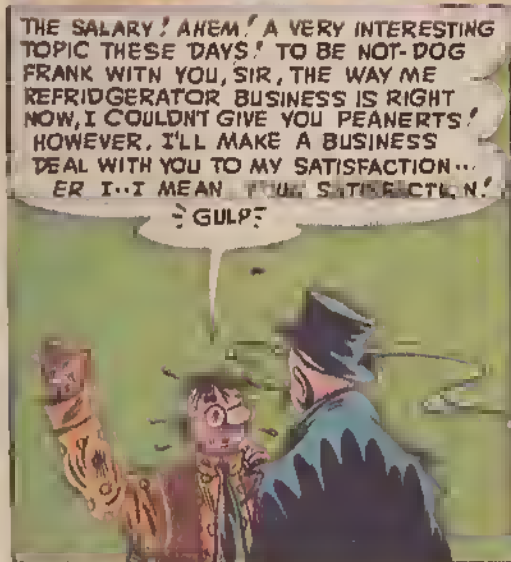
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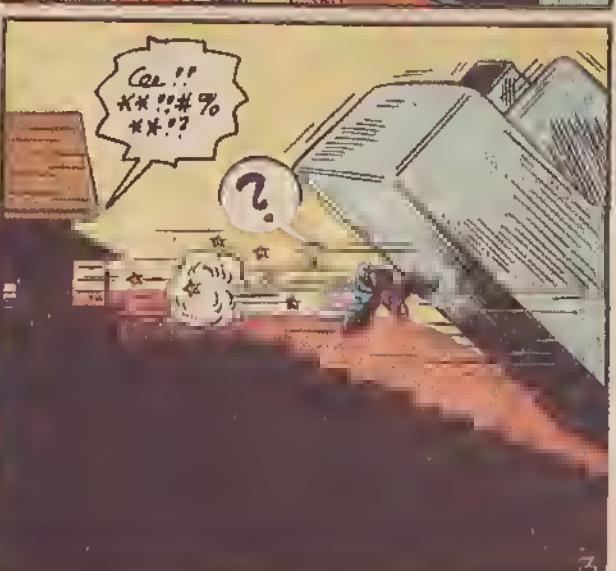
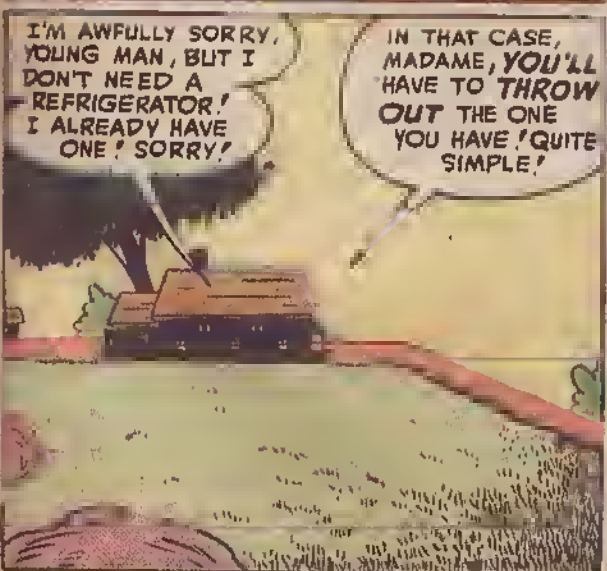
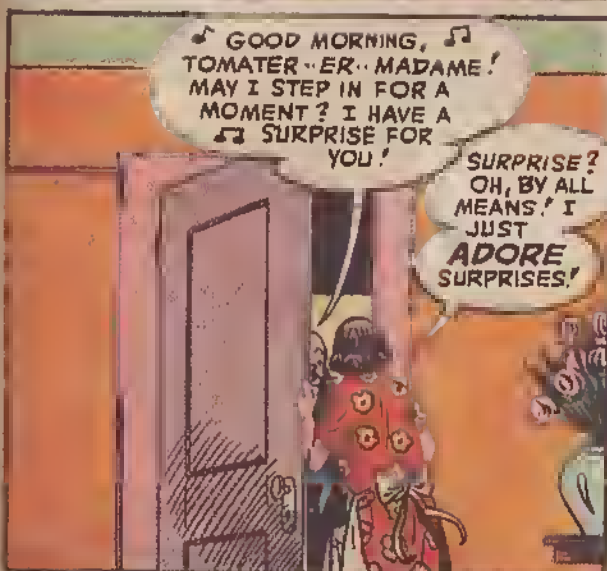
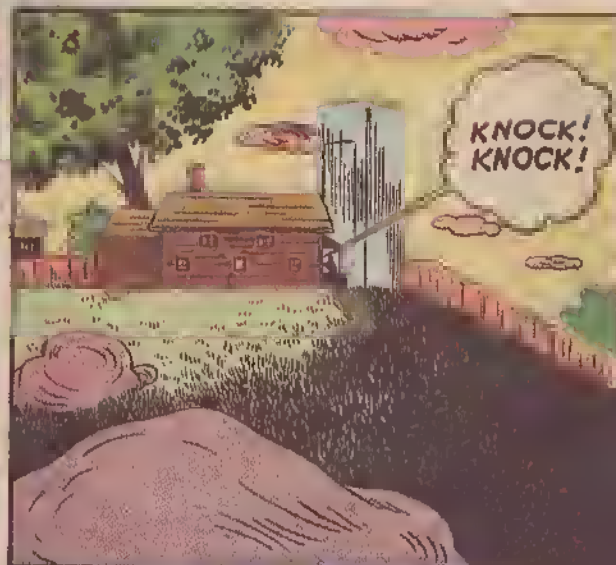
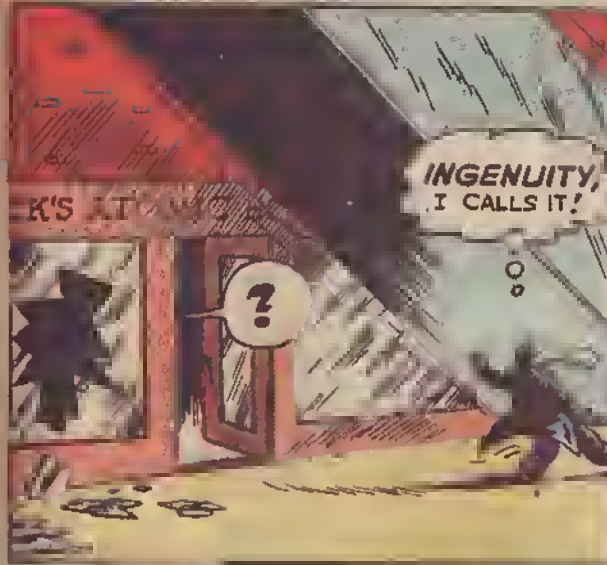
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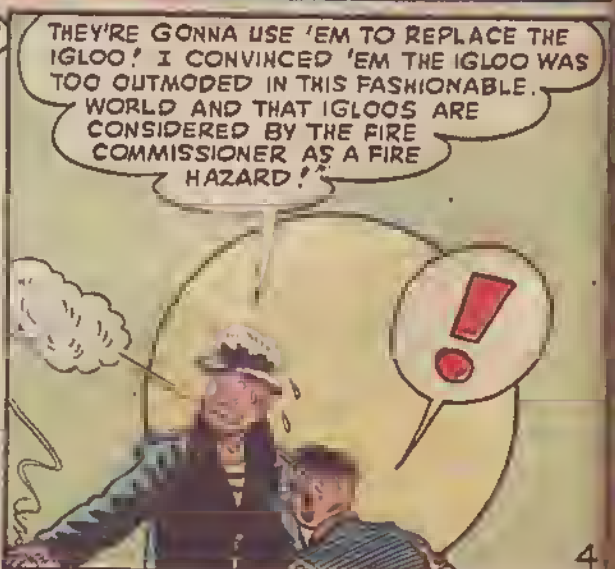
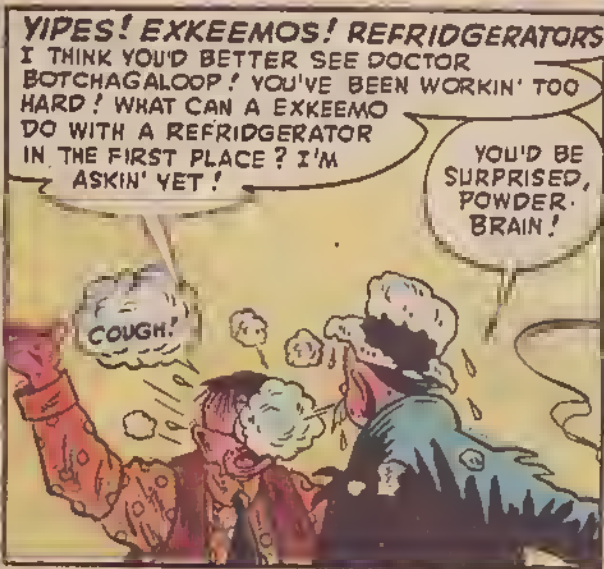
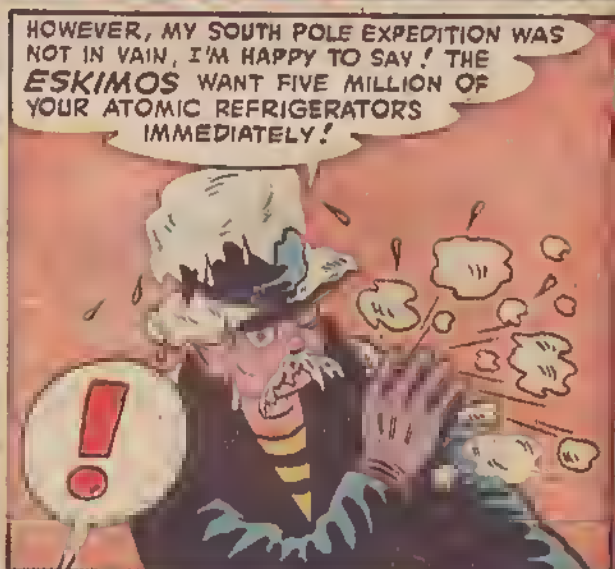
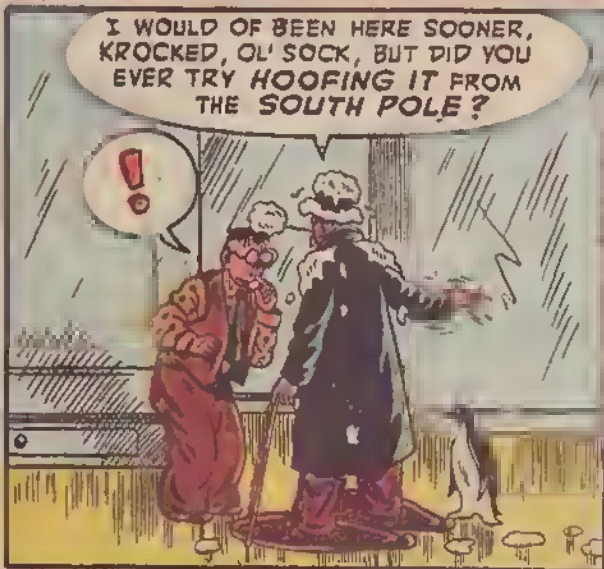
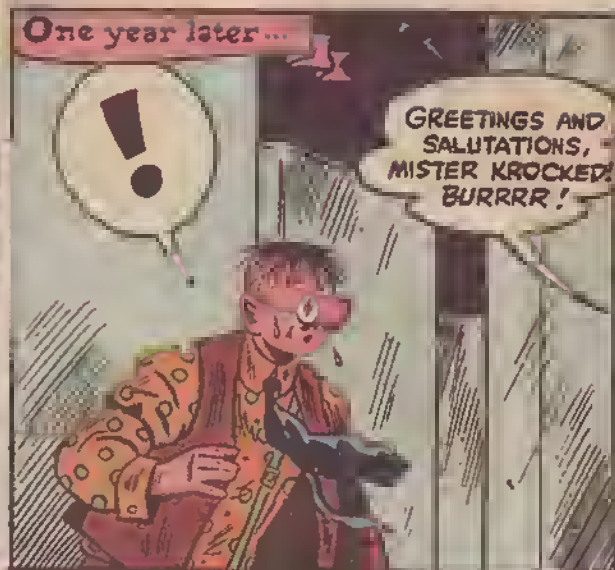
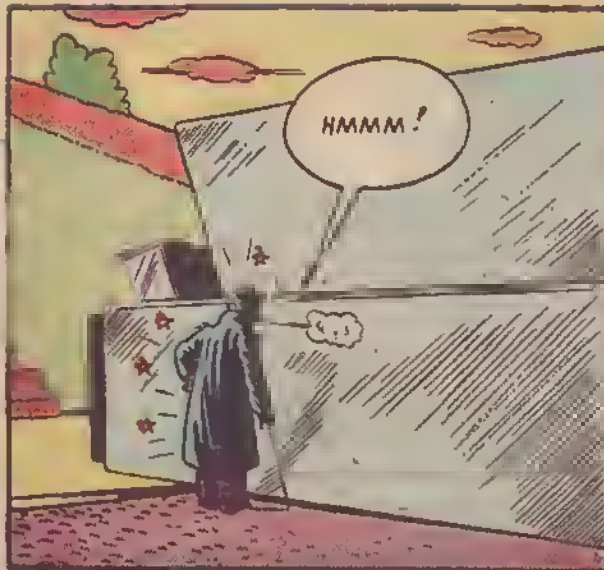


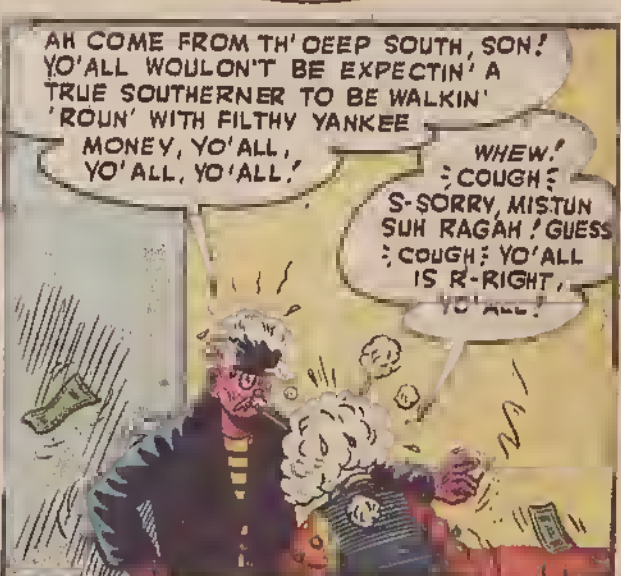
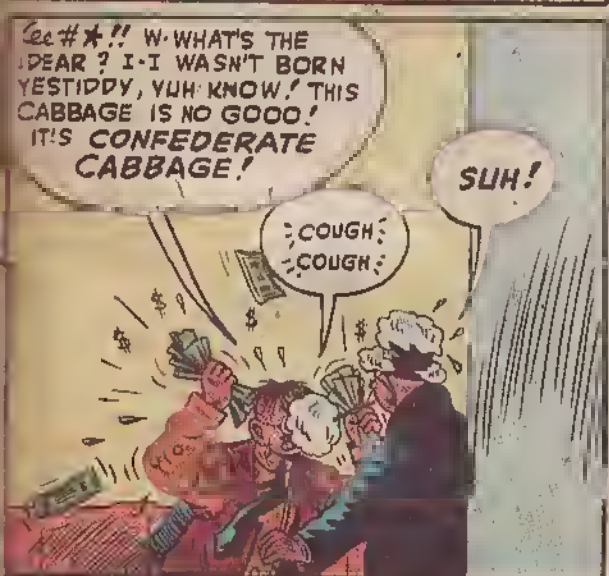
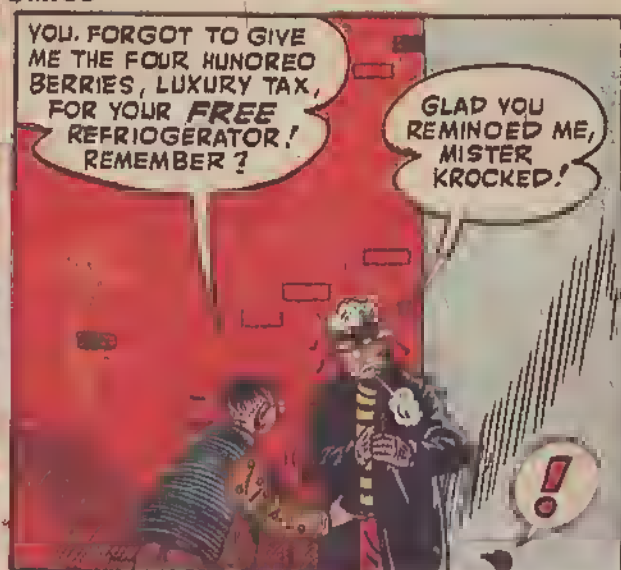
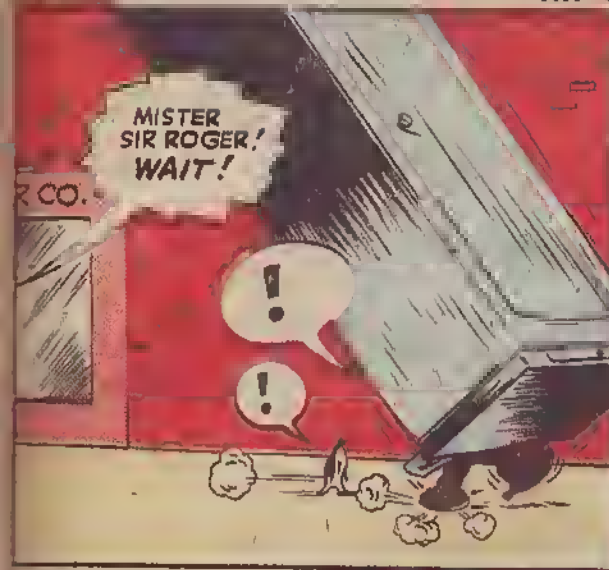




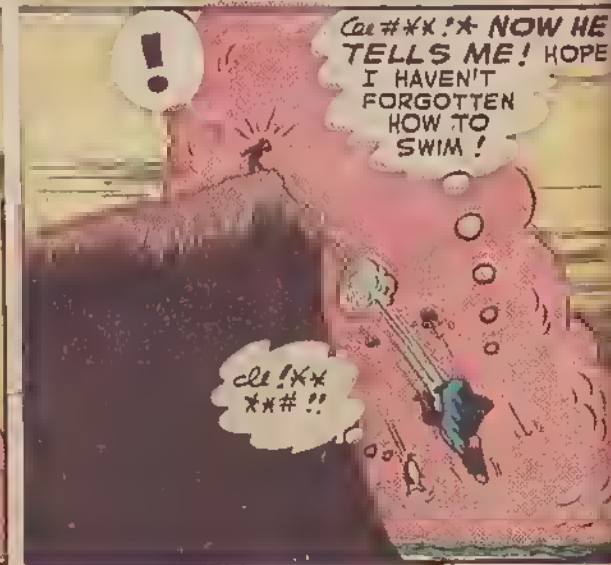
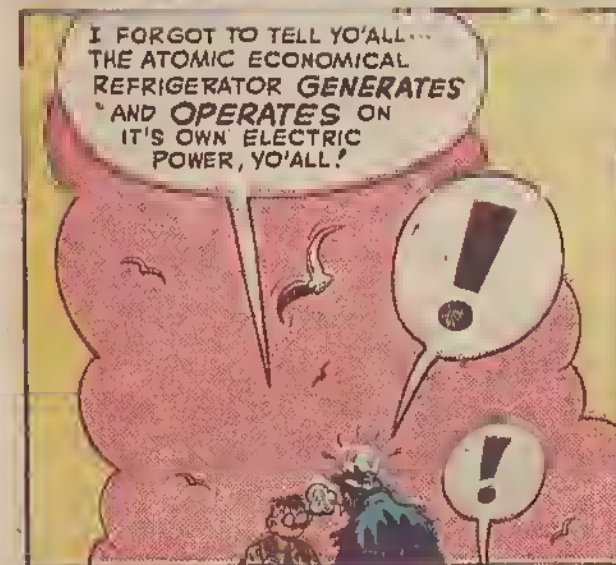
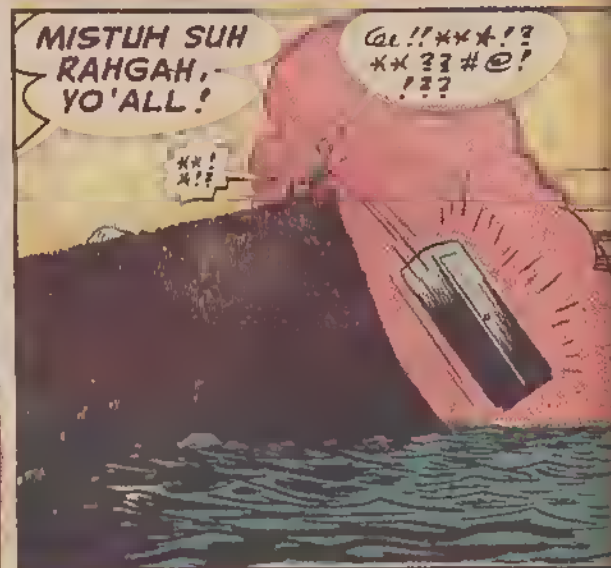
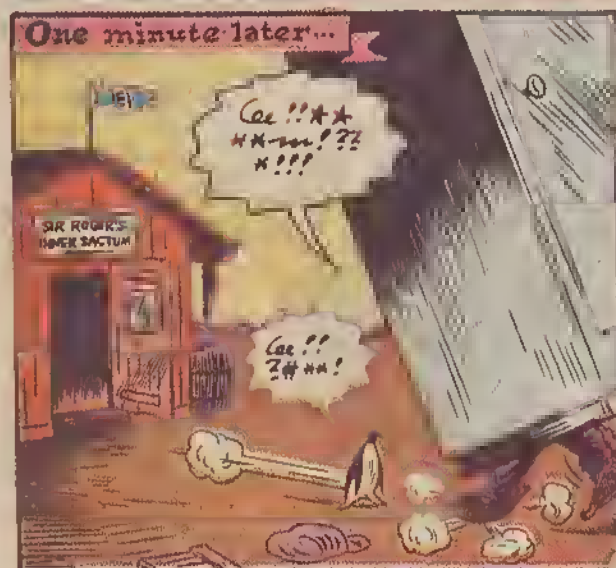
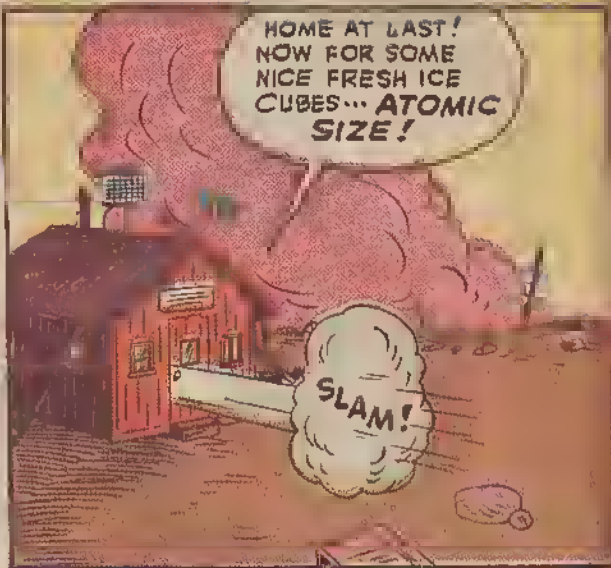
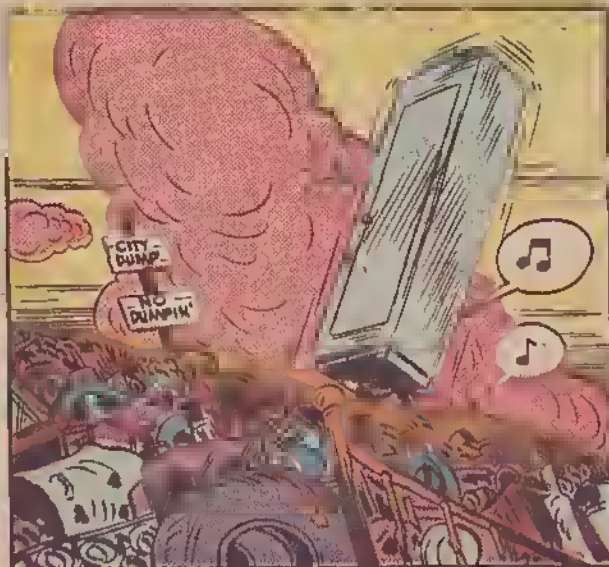












# RASPUTIN and MERWIN

WELL, WELL, WELL! ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE, MERWIN? YOU HAVE A DOLLAR... AND WE NEED FIFTY DOLLARS!

YE OLDE KITE SHOPPE

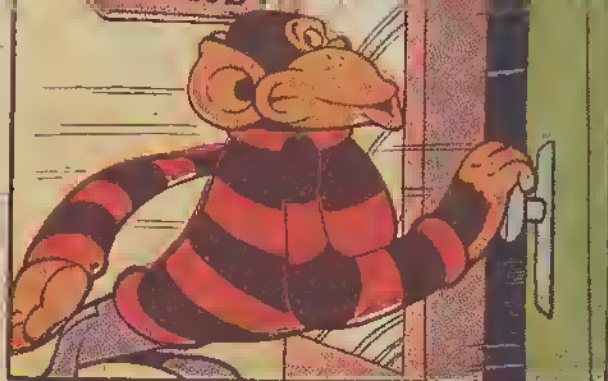
KITE FLYING CONTEST  
THIS AFTERNOON  
**1st PRIZE \$50**  
BUY A KIT... BUILD A  
KITE... WIN A PRIZE!  
KITS \$2.00

OH-OH!  
HERE'S  
WHERE  
I CAME  
IN!

COME, MERWIN! SPEND YOUR DOLLAR  
AND I'LL FLY THE KITE TO VICTORY... NOW  
WHERE DID THAT LITTLE TWERP  
GO?

OH, WELL! I'M NO PIKER! IN A CASE LIKE THIS,  
I'LL SPEND MY OWN MONEY... IF I HAVE TO!  
AND NATURALLY I'LL  
KEEP ALL THE WINNINGS!

YE OLDE  
KITE  
SHOPPE





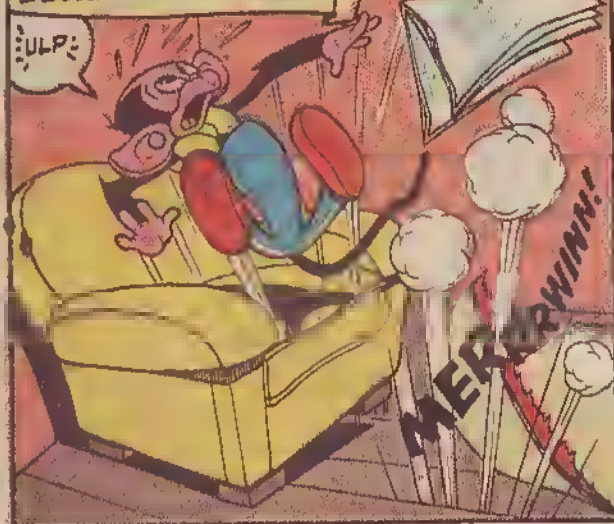
I USED TO BE QUITE AN EXPERT AT KITE FLYING! AFTER ALL, IT'S REALLY A BABY'S TOY--AND WILL THAT DOPE MERWIN BE SORE WHEN HE SEES ME WITH FIFTY BUCKS?



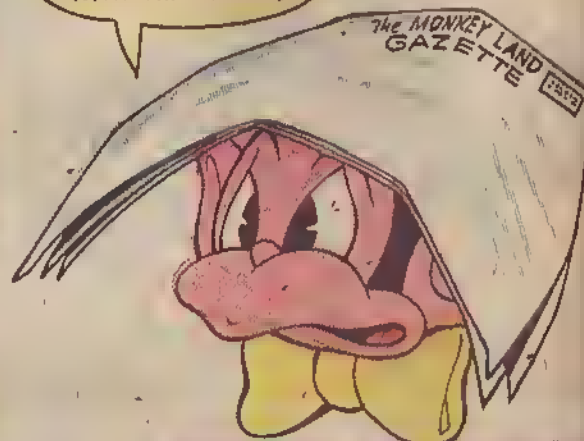
THIS IS THE PLACE TO BUILD IT--IN THE CELLAR! NOW LET'S SEE... PLACE STICK C TRANSVERSELY AGAINST STICK A--BISECT ANGLE X WITH LATERAL STICK A-1--SO THAT NOTCH SUBTENDS OBTUSE ANGLE G-2...



Half an hour later...

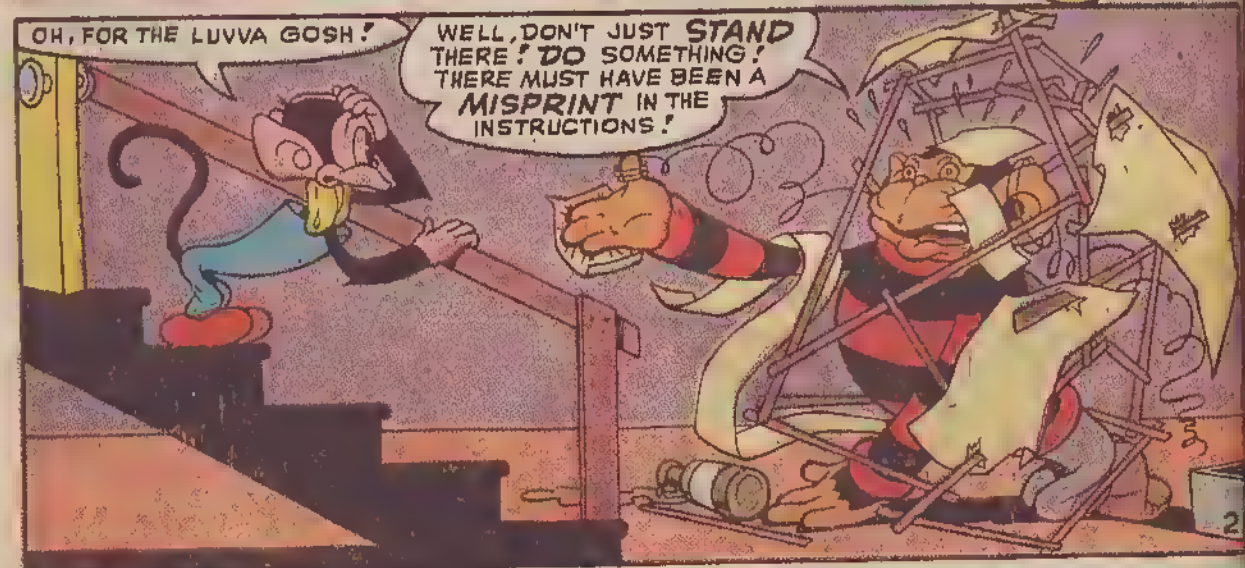


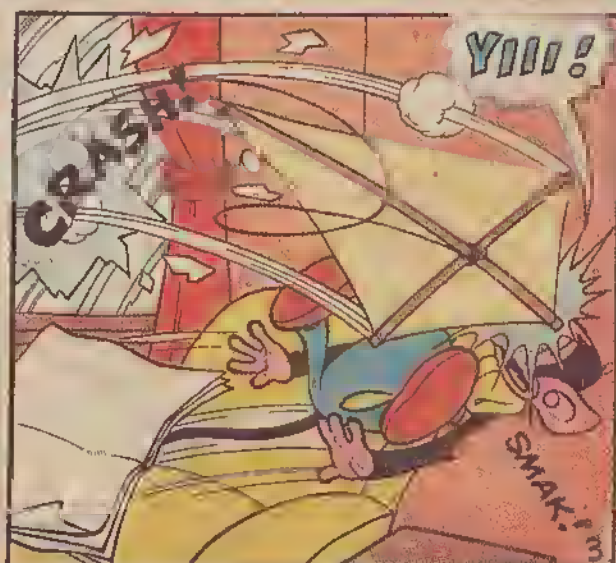
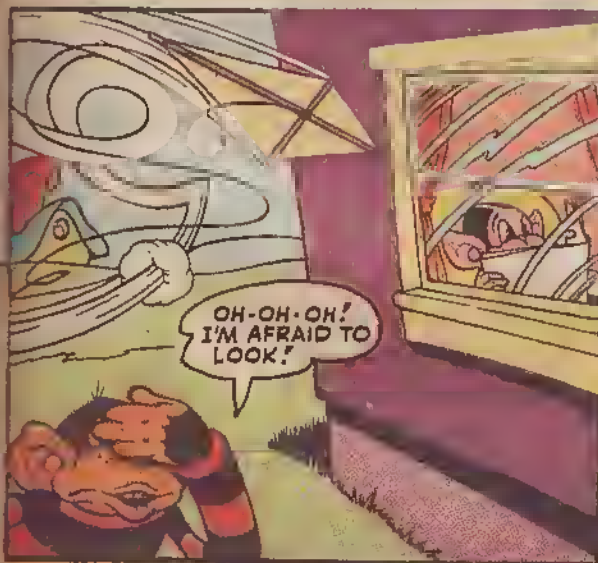
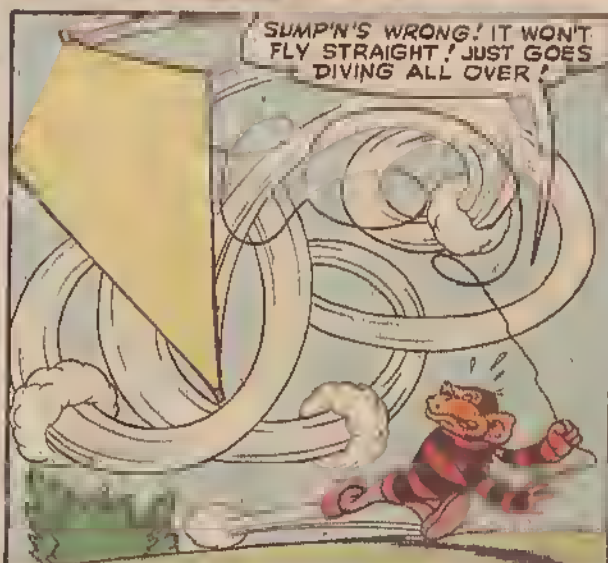
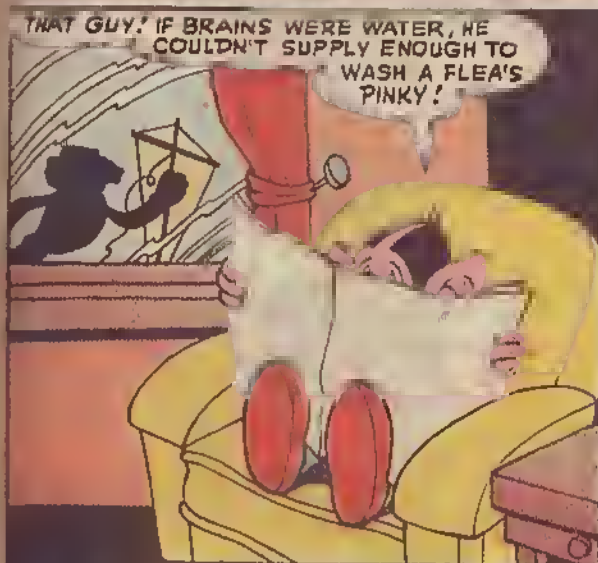
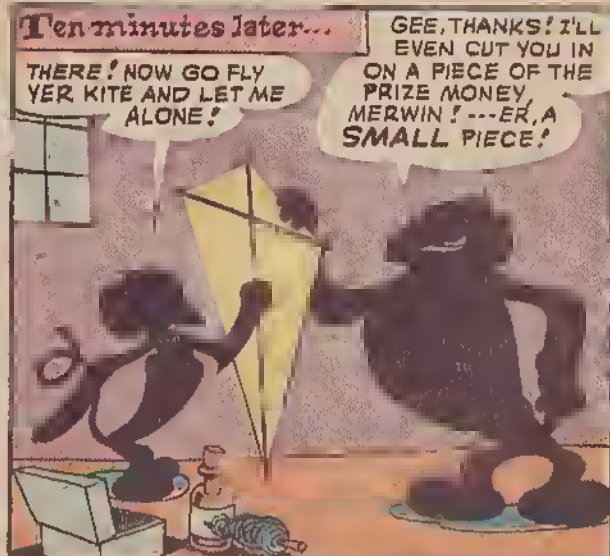
THAT WAS RASPY'S VOICE COMING FROM THE CELLAR! WHAT'S THAT FATHEAD RASPUTIN STUCK WITH THIS TIME?



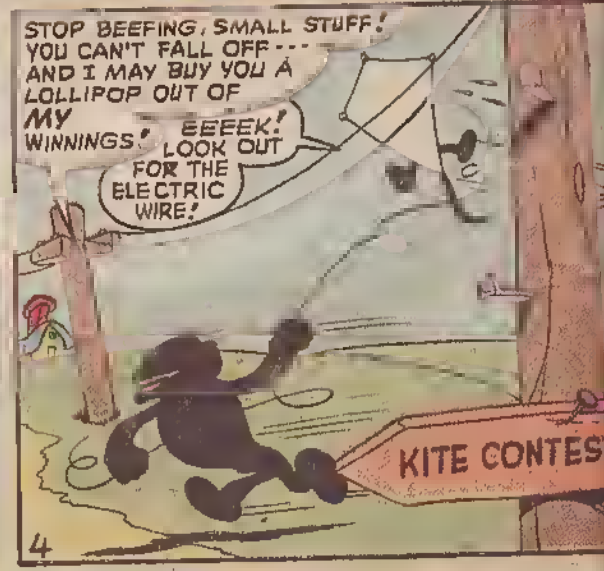
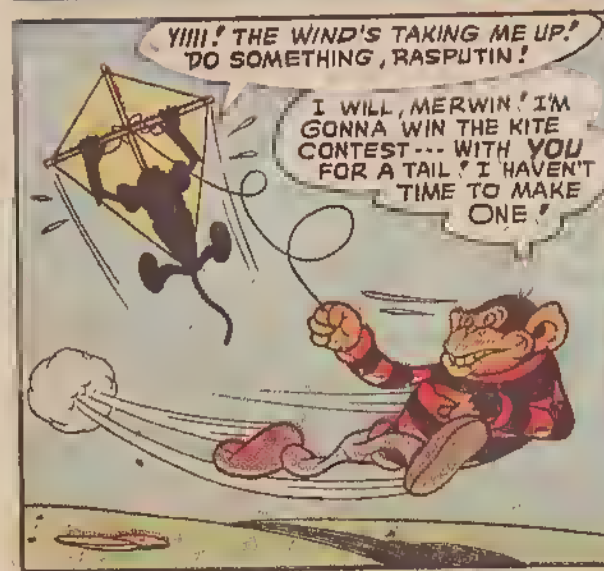
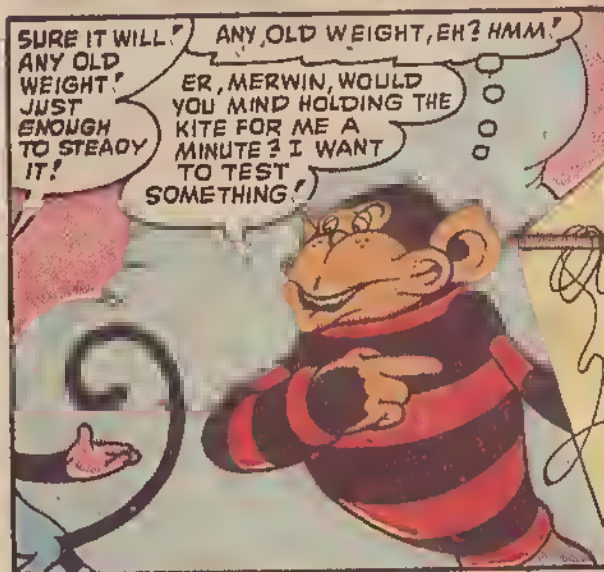
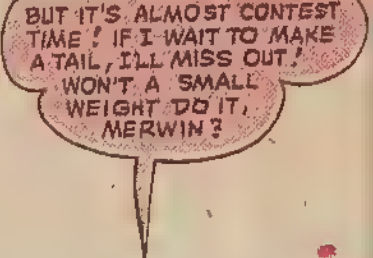
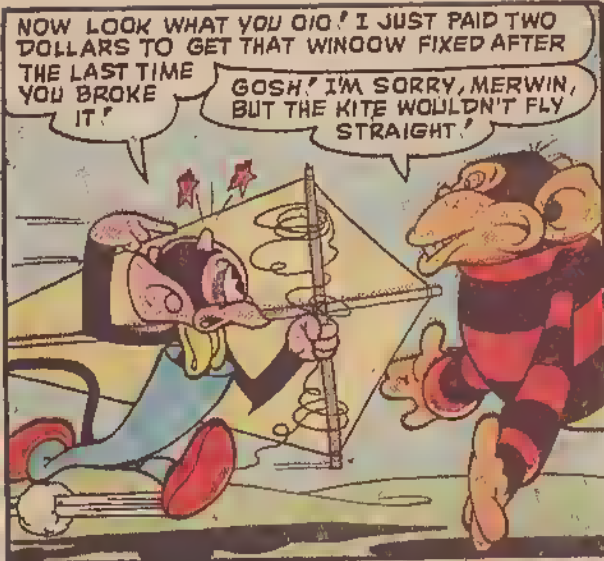
OH, FOR THE LUVVA GOSH!

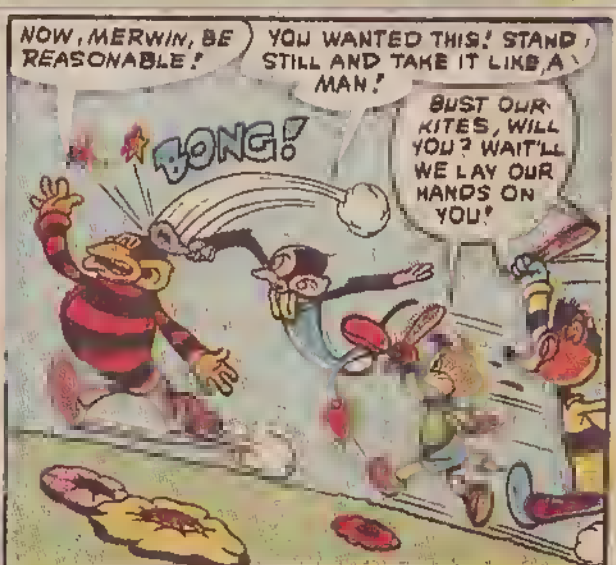
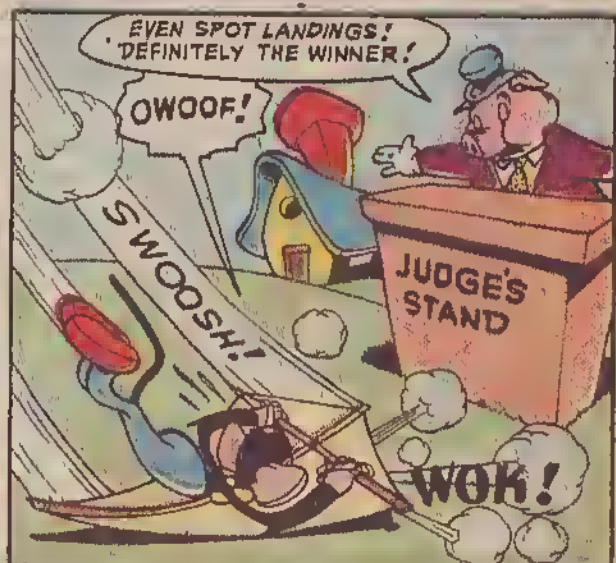
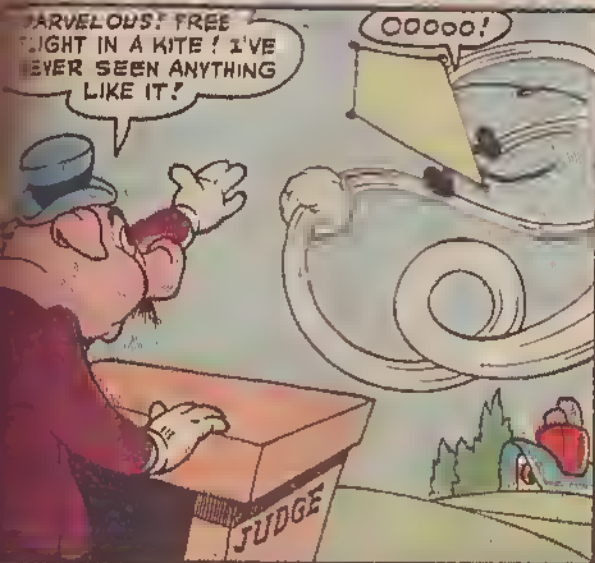
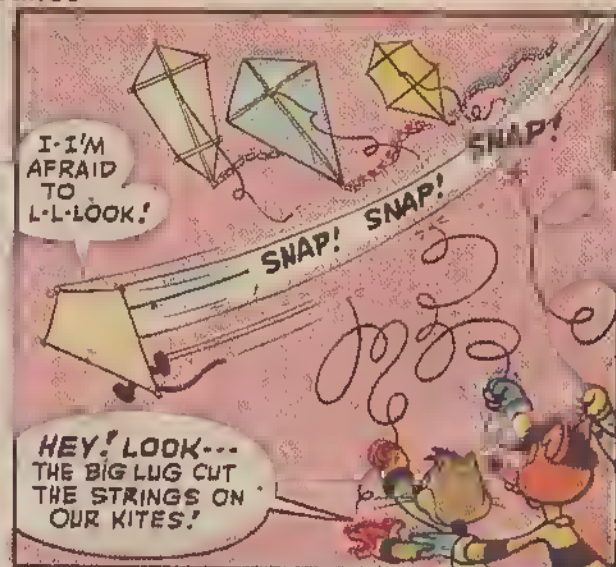
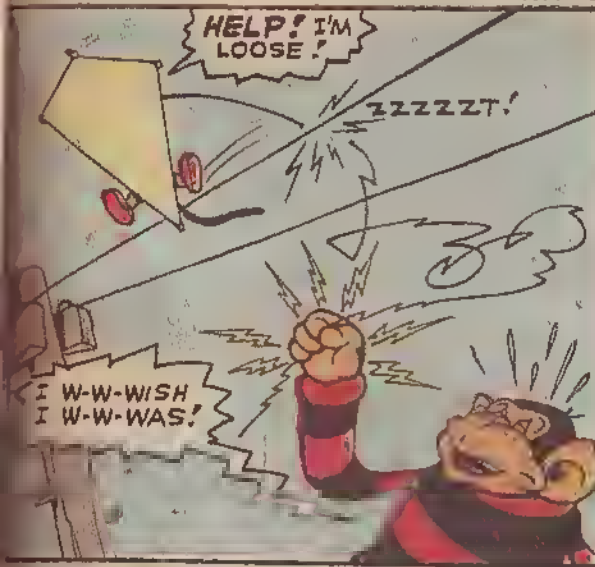
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! DO SOMETHING! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A MISPRINT IN THE INSTRUCTIONS!











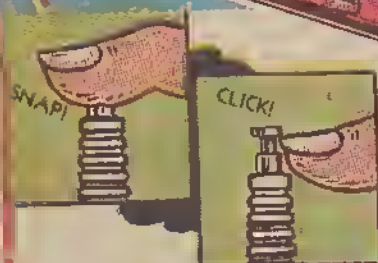


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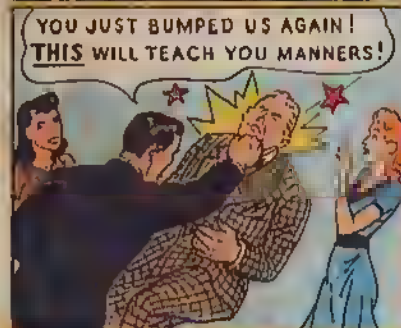
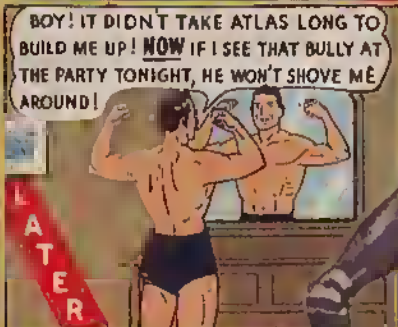
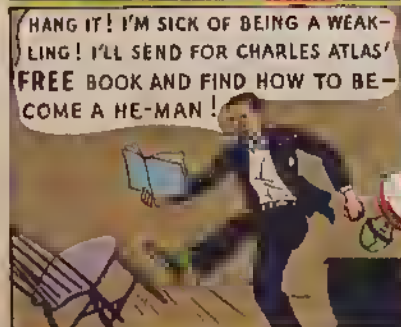
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*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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HAVE YOU ever felt like Jack—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will

notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 330-C,  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-C  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print in white plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....  
Zone No. (if any)